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YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XIX.

A MIDNIGHT WALK.

WHEN young Lord Stanton left his own house with Wild Bampfylde there was a tingle of excitement in the young man's veins. Very few youths of his age are to be found so entirely homebred as Geoff. He had never been in the way of mischief, and he had no natural tendency to lead him thitherward, so that he had passed these first twenty years of his existence without an adventure, without anything occurring to him that might not have been known to all the world. To leave your own house when other people are thinking of going to bed, for an expedition you know not where, under the guidance of you know not whom, is a sufficiently striking beginning to the path of mystery and adventure, and there was a touch of personal peril in it which gave Geoff a little tingle in his veins. His brother had been killed by some one with whom this wild fellow was closely connected; it was a secret of blood which the young man had set himself to solve one way or other; and this no doubt affected his imagination, and for a short time the consciousness of danger was strong in him, quickening his pulses and making his heart beat. This was increased by a sense of wrong-doing in so far as Geoff felt that

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he might be exposing the tranquil household he had left behind to agonies of apprehension about him, did he not return sufficiently early to escape being found out. Finally, on the top of this consciousness of conditional fault, came a feeling, perhaps the most strong of all, of the possible absurdity of his position. Romantic adventure, if it never ceases to be attractive to the young, is looked upon with different eyes at different periods, and the nineteenth century has agreed to make a joke of melodrama. Instead of being moved by a fine romantic situation, the modern youth laughs; and the idea of finding himself in such picturesque and dramatic circumstances strikes him as the most curious and laughable, if not ridiculous, idea. To recognize himself as setting out, like the hero of a novel or a play (of the old school), to search out a mystery—into the haunts of a law-defying and probably law-breaking class, under the guidance of a theatrical vagrant, tramp, or gipsy, to ask counsel of the weird old woman, bright-eyed and solemn, who held all the threads of the story in her hands, filled Geoff with mingled confusion and amusement. He had almost laughed to himself as he realised it, but with the laugh a flush came over his face—what would other people think? He thought he would be laughed at as romantic, jibed at as being able to believe

that any real or authentic information could really be obtained in this ridiculous way. 'Elizabeth Bampfylde in the witness-box would no doubt be valuable, but the romances she might tell in her own house, to a young man, evidently so credulous and of such a theatrical temperament—these two things were certainly different, and he would be thoroughly laughed at for his foolishness.' This consciousness of something ridiculous in the whole business reassured him, however; and better feelings rose as he went on with a half-pleased, half-excited exhilaration and curiosity. The night was fine, warm, and genial, but dark; a few stars shone large and lambent in the veiled sky, but there was as yet no moon, so that all the light there was was concentrated above in the sky, and the landscape underneath was wrapped in darkness, a soft, cool, incense-breathing obscurity—for night is as full of odours as the morning. It is full of sounds, too, all the more mysterious for having no kind of connection with the visible; and no country is so full of sounds as the North country where the road will now thread the edge of a dark, unseen, heathery, thymy moor, and now cross, at a hundred links and folds, the course of some invisible stream, or some dozens of little runlets tinkling on their way to a bigger home of waters. Now dark hedgerows would close in the path; now it would open up and widen into that world of space, the odorous, dewy moorland; now lead through the little street, the bridge, the straggling outskirts of a village. Generally all was quiet in the hamlets, the houses closed, the inhabitants in bed; but sometimes there would be a sudden gleam of lightness into the night, a dazzle from an open door or unshuttered window. The first of these rural places was Stanton, the village close to the great House, where Geoff unconsciously stole closer into the shadow, afraid to be seen. Here it was the smithy that was still open, a dazzling centre of light in the gloom. The smith

came forward to his door as they passed, roused by the steady tread of their footsteps, and looked curiously out upon them, his figure relieved against the red background of light. "What, Dick! is't you, lad?" he said, peering out. "Got off again? that's right, that's right; and who's that along with you this fine night?" Bampfylde did not stop to reply, to Geoff's great relief. He went on with long, swinging steps, taking no notice. "If anybody asks you, say you don't know," he said as he went on, throwing back a sort of challenge into the gloom. He did not talk to his companion. Sometimes he whistled low, but as clearly as a bird, imitating indeed the notes of the birds, the mournful cry of the lapwing, the grating call of the corn-crake; sometimes he would sing to himself low crooning songs. In this way they made rapid progress to the foot of the hills. Geoff had been glad of the silence at first; it served to deliver him from those uncomfortable thoughts which had filled his mind, the vagabond's carelessness reassuring and calming his excitement; for neither the uneasy sense of danger he had started with, nor the equally uneasy sense of the ludicrous which had possessed him were consistent with the presence of this easy, unexcited companion, who conducted himself as if he were alone, and would stop and listen to the whirr and flutter of wild creatures in the hedgerows or on the edge of the moor, as if he had forgotten Geoff's very presence. All became simple as they went on, the very continuance of the walk settling down and calming all the agitation of the outset. By and by, however, Geoff began to be impatient of the silence, and of the interest his companion showed in everything except himself. Could he be, perhaps, one of the "naturals": who are so common in the North, a little less imbecile than usual, but still incapable of continuous attention? Thus after his first half-alarmed, half-curious sense of the solemnity of the

enterprise, Geoff came back to an everyday boyish impatience of its unusual features and a disposition to return to the lighter intercourse of ordinary life.

"How far have we to go now?" he asked. They had come to the end of the level, and were just about to ascend the lower slopes of hilly country which shut in the valley. The fells rising before them made the landscape still more dark and mysterious, and seemed to thrust themselves between the wayfarers' eyes and that light which seemed to retire more and more into the clear pale shining of the sky.

"Tired already?" said the man with a shrug of his shoulders. He had stopped to investigate a hollow under a great gorse bush, just below the level of the road, from which came rustlings and scratchings indistinguishable. Bampfylde raised himself with a half laugh, and came back to Geoff's side. "These small creatures is never tired," he said; "they seuds about all day, and sleep that light at night that a breath wakes them; and yet they're but small, not so big as my hand; and knows their way, they does, wherever they're got to go."

"I allow they are cleverer than I am," said Geoff, good-humouredly, "but then they cannot speak to ask their way. Men have a little advantage. And even I am not so ignorant as you think. I have been on the fells in a mist, and knew my way—or guessed it. At all events, I got home again, and that is something."

"There will be no mist to-night," said Bampfylde looking up at the sky.

"No; but it is dark enough for anything. Look here, I trust you, and you might trust me. You know why I am going."

"How do you trust me, my young lord?"

"Well," said Geoff; "supposing I am a match for you, one man against another, how can I tell you have not got comrades about? My brother lost his life—by some one connected with you. Did you know my brother?"

The suddenness of this question took his companion by surprise. He wavered for a moment, and fell backward with an involuntary movement of alarm.

"What's that for, lad, bringing up a dead man's name out here in the dark, and near midnight? Do you want to fley me? I never meddled with him. He would be safe in his bed this night, and married to his bonnie lady, and bairns in his house to heir his title, and take your lordship from you, if there had been nobody but me."

"I believe that," said Geoff, softened. "They say you never harmed man."

"No, nor beast—except varmint, or the like of a hare or so—when the old wife wanted a bit o' meat. Never man. For man's blood is precious," said the wild fellow with a shudder. "There's something in it that's not in a brute. If I were to kill you or you me in this lonesome place, police and that sort might never find it out; but all the same, the place would tell—there would be something there different; they say man's blood never rubs out."

Geoff felt a little thrill run through his own veins as he saw his companion shiver and tremble, but it was not fear. The words somehow established perfect confidence between himself and his guide; and he had all the simplicity of mind of a youth whose faith had never been tampered with, and who believed with the unshaken sincerity of childhood. "The stain on the mind never wears out," he said, thoughtfully. "I knew a boy once who had shot his brother without knowing it. How horrible it was! he never forgot it; and yet it was not his fault."

"Ah! I wish as I had been that lucky—to shoot my brother by accident," said Wild Bampfylde, with a long sigh, shaking into its place a pouch or game-bag which he wore across his shoulder. "It would have been the best thing for him," he added, in answer to Geoff's cry of

protest; "then he wouldn't have lived—for worse——"

"Have you a brother so unfortunate?"

"Unfortunate! I don't know if that is what you call it. Yes, unfortunate. He never meant bad. I don't credit it."

"You are not speaking," said Geoff, in a very low voice, overpowered at once with curiosity and interest, "of John Musgrave?"

"The young Squire? No, I don't mean him; he's bad, and bad enough, but not so bad. You've got a deal to learn, my young lord. And what's your concern with all that old business? If another man's miserable, *that* don't take bit or sup from you—nor a night's rest, unless you let it. You've got everything as heart could desire. Why can't you be content, and let other folks be?"

"When we could help them, Bampfylde?" said Geoff. "Is that the way you would be done by? Left to languish abroad; left with a stain on your name; and no one to hold out a hand for you; nobody to try to get you righted; only thinking of their own comfort, and the bit and the sup and the night's rest?"

"You've never done without neither one nor t'other," came in a hoarse undertone from Bampfylde's lips. "It's fine talking; but it's little you know."

"No, I've never had the chance," said Geoff. "I can't tell what it's like, that's true; but if it ever comes my way——"

"Ah, ay! it's fine talking—it's fine talking!"

Geoff did not know how to reply. He went on impatiently, tossing aloft his young head, as a horse does, excited by his own words like the playing of a trumpet. They went on so up a stiff bit of ascent that taxed their strength and their breathing, and made conversation less practicable. The winding mountain road seemed to pierce into the very fastnesses of the hills, and the tall

figure of the vagrant a step in advance of him appeared to Geoff like the shadow of some ghostly pioneer working his way into the darkness. No twinkle of a lamp, no outline of any inhabited place looming against the lighter risings of the manifold slopes, encouraged their progress. The hills, which would have made the very brightness of the morning dark, increased the gloom of the night. Only the tinkle of here and there a little stream, the sound of their own foot-steps as they passed on, one in advance of the other, the small noises which came so distinct through the air—here a rustle, there a jar of movement, something stirring under a stone, something moving amid the heather, were to be heard. Bampfylde himself was stilled by these great shadows. His whistle dropped; and the low croon of song which he had raised from time to time did not take its place. He became almost inaudible, as he was almost invisible; only the sound of a measured step and a large confused outline seen at times against the uncertain openings and bits of darkling sky.

When they came abreast again, however, on a comparatively smooth level, after a stiff piece of climbing, he spoke, suddenly, "It's queer work going like this through the dark. Many a night I have done it with no company, and then a man's drawn out of himself watching the living things; one will stir at your foot, and one go whirr and strike across your very face, for they put more trust in you in the dark. You see they have the use of their eye-sight, and the like of you and me haven't. So they know their advantage. But put a man down beside another man, and a's changed. I cannot understand the meaning of it. It puts things in your head, and it puts away the innocent creatures. Men's seldom innocent, but they're awful strange," said the vagrant, with a sigh.

"Do you think they are so strange? I am not sure that I do," said Geoff,

bewildered a little. "They are just like other people—one is dull, one is clever; but except for that——"

"Clever! it's the creatures that are clever. Did you ever see a peewit make a fuss to get you off where her nest was? A woman wouldn't have sense to do that. She'd run and shriek, and get hold of her bairns; but the bird's clever. That's what I call clever. It's something stranger than that. When a man's beside you, all's different; there's him thinking and you thinking; and though you're close, and I can grip you"—here Bampfylde seized upon Geoff with a sudden, startling grasp, which alarmed the young man—"I can't tell no more than Adam where your mind is. Asking your pardon, my young lord, I didn't mean to startle you," he added, dropping his hold. "Now the creatures is all there; you know where you have 'em. Far the contrary with a man."

Geoff was not given to abstract thoughts, and this sudden entry into the regions of the undiscovered perplexed him. "You like company, then?" he said, doubtfully. He knew a great deal more than his companion did of almost everything that could be suggested, but not of this.

"Like company? it's confusing, very confusing. But the creatures is simple. You can watch their ways, and they're never double-minded. They're at one thing, one thing at a time. Now, a man, there's notions in his head, and you can never tell how they got there."

"I suppose," said young Geoff, perplexed yet reverential, "it is because men are immortal; not like the beasts that perish."

"Ay, ay—I suppose they perish," said Bampfylde. "What would they be like us for, and sicken, and pine? They get the good of it all the time; run wild as they like, and do mischief as they like, and never put in gaol for it. You think they're sleeping now? and so they are, and waking too—as still as the stones and as lively as the stars

up yonder. That's them; but us, if we're sleeping, it's for hours long, and dreams with it; one bit of you lying like a log, t'other bit of you off at the ends of the airth. So, if you're woke sudden, chances are you aren't there to be woke—and there's a business; but the creatures, they're always there."

"That is true," said Geoff, who was slightly overawed, and thought this very fine and poetical, finer than anything he had ever realised before. "But sometimes they are ill, I suppose, and suffer, too?"

"Then them that is merciful puts them out of their pain. The hardest-hearted ones will do that. A bird with a broken wing, or a beast with a broken leg, unless it be one of the gentlefolks' pets, that's half mankind, and has to suffer for it because his master's fond of him (and that's funny too)—the worst of folks will put them out of their pain. But a man—we canna' do it," cried the vagrant; "there's law again' it, and more than law. If it was nothing but law, little the likes of me would mind; but there's something written here," he said, putting his hand to his breast; "something as hinders you."

"I hope so, indeed," said Geoff, a little breathless, with a sense of horror; "you would not take away a life?"

"But the creatures, ay; they have the best of it. You point your gun at them, or you wring their necks, and it's all over. I'm fond of the creatures, creatures of all kinds. I'm fond of being out with them on a heathery moor like this all myself. They knows me, and there's no fear in them. In the morning early, when the air's all blue with the dawn, the stirring and the moving there is, and the scudding about, setting the house in order! A thing not the size of your hand will come out with two bright eyes, and cock its head and look up at you. A cat may look at a king; a bit of a moor chicken, or a rabbit the size o' my thumb, up and faces you, and

'who are you, my man?' That is what they looks like; but you never see them like that after it's full day."

"Then is night their happy time?" said Geoff, humouring his strange companion.

"Night, they're free. There's none about that wishes them harm; and though I snare varmint, and sometimes take a hare or a bird, I'll not deny it, my young lord, though you were to clap me in prison again to-morrow—they're not afraid o' me; they know I'll not harm them. Even the varmint, if they didn't behave bad and hurt the rest, I'd never have the heart. When you go back, if you do go back——"

"I must go back," said Geoff, very gravely. "Why should not I? You don't think I could stay up here?"

"I was not thinking one thing or another. The like of you is contrary. I've little to do with men; but when you go, if you go, it might be early morning, the blue time, at the dawn. Then's the time to see; when there's all the business to be done afore the day, and after the night. Children is curious," said Bampfylde, with a softening of his voice, which felt in the darkness like a slowly dawning smile; "but creatures is more curious yet. I like to watch them. You'll see all the life that's in the moors if it's that time when you go."

"I suppose if there is anything to tell me I cannot go sooner," said Geoff. His tone was grave, and so was his face, though that was invisible. "Then it will be day before I get home, and they will all know—perhaps I was a fool."

"For coming?" said the man, turning round to peer into his face, though it was covered by the darkness; and then he gave a low laugh. "I could have told you that!"

For a moment Geoff's blood ran colder; he felt a little thrill of dismay. Was this strange creature a "natural" as he had thought, or did what he said imply danger? But no more was said for a long time. Bamp-

fylde sank back again all at once into the silence he had so suddenly broken, or rather into the low crooning of monotonous old songs with which he had beguiled the first part of the journey. There was a kind of slumberous power in them which half-interested, half-stupefied Geoff. They all went to one tune, a tune not like anything he knew—a kind of low chant, recalling several airs, that did not vary from verse to verse, but repeated itself, and so lulled the wayfarer that all active sensation seemed to go from him, and the monotonous, mechanical movement of his limbs seemed to beat time to the croon of sound which accompanied the gradual march. There was something weird in it, something like "the woven paces and the waving hands" of the enchantress. Geoff felt his eyes grow heavy, and his head sinking on his breast, as the low, regular tramp and chant went on.

At length, all at once, the hills seemed to clear away from the sky, opening up on either hand; and straight before them, hanging low, like a signal of trouble, a late risen and waning moon that seemed thrust forward out into the air, and hanging from the sky, appeared in the luminous but mournful heaven in front of them. There is always something more or less baleful and troublous in this sudden apparition, so late and out of date, of a waning moon; the oil seems low in the lamp, the light ready to be extinguished, the flame quivering in the socket. Between them and the sky stood a long, low cottage, rambling and extensive, with a rough, gray, stone wall, built round it, upon which the pale moonlight shone. Long before they reached it, as soon as their steps could be audible, the mingled bay-ing and howling of a dog was heard, rising doleful and ominous in the silence; and from under the roof—which was half rough thatch, and half the coarse tiles used for labourers' cottages—a light strangely red against the radiance of the moon, flickered with a

livid glare. A strange black silhouette of a house it was, with the low moonlight full upon it, showing here and there in a ghostly full white upon a bit of wall or roof, and the red light in the window: it made a mystic sort of conclusion to the journey. Bampfylde directed his steps towards it without a word. He knocked a stroke or two on the door, which seemed to echo over all the country, and up to the mountain tops in their great stillness. "We are at home, now," he said.

CHAPTER XX.

THE COTTAGE ON THE FELS.

THERE was a sound of movement within the house, but no light visible as they stood at the door. Then a window was cautiously opened, and a voice called out into the darkness, "Is that you, my lad?" Geoff felt more and more the little thrill of alarm which was quite instinctive, and meant nothing except excited fancy; such precautions looked unlike the ordinary ease and freedom of a peasant's house. A minute after the door was opened, and 'Elizabeth Bampfylde made her appearance. She had her red handkerchief as usual tied over her white cap, and the flash of this piece of colour and of the old woman's brilliant eyes, were the first things which warmed the gloom, the blackness and whiteness and mystic midnight atmosphere. She made an old-fashioned curtsy, with a certain dignity in it, when she saw Geoff, and her face, which had been somewhat eager in expression, paled and saddened instantly. The young man saw her arms come together with a gesture of pain, though the candle she held prevented the natural clasp of the hands. She was not glad to see him, though she had sent for him. This troubled Geoff, whom from his childhood most people had been pleased to see. "You've come, then, my young lord?" she said with a half-suppressed groan.

"Indeed, I thought you wanted

me to come," he said, unreasonably annoyed by this absence of welcome; "you sent for me."

"You thought the lad would be daunted," said Wild Bampfylde, "and I told you he would not be daunted if he had any mettle in him. So now you're at the end of all your devices. Come in and welcome, my young lord. I'm glad of it, for one."

Saying this, the vagrant disappeared into the gloom of the interior, where his step was audible moving about, and was presently followed by the striking of a light which revealed, through an open door, the old-fashioned cottage kitchen, so far in advance of other moorland cottages of the same kind, that it had a little square entrance from the door, which did not open direct into the family living-room. This rude little ante-room had even a kind of rude decoration, dimly apparent by the light of 'Elizabeth's candle. A couple of old guns hung on one wall, another boasted a deer's head with fine antlers. Once upon a time it had evidently been prized and cared for. The open door of the room into which Bampfylde had gone showed the ordinary cottage dresser with its gleaming plates (a decoration which in these days has mounted from the kitchen to the drawing-room), deal table, and old-fashioned settle, lighted dimly by a small lamp on the mantelpiece, and the smouldering red of the fire. 'Elizabeth closed the door slowly, and with trembling hands, which trembled still more when Geoff attempted to help her. "No, no; go in, go in, my young gentleman. Let me be. It's me to serve the like of you, not the like of you to open or shut my door for me. Ah, these are the ways that make you differ from common folk!" she said, as the young man stood back to let her pass. "My son leaves me to do whatever's to be done, and goes in before me, and calls me to serve him; but the like of you—. It was that, and not his name or his money that took my Lily's heart."

Geoff followed her into the kitchen.

It was low and large, with a small deep-set window at each corner, as is usual in such cottages. Before the fire was spread a large rug of home manufacture, made of scraps of coloured cloth, arranged in an indistinct pattern upon a black background, and Bampfylde was occupying himself busily putting forward a large high easy-chair in front of the fire, and breaking the "gathered" coals to give at once heat and light. "Sit you down there," he said, thrusting Geoff into it almost with violence, "you're little used to midnight strolling. Me, it's meat and drink to me to be free and aneath the stars. Let her be, let her be. She's not like one of your ladies. Her own way, that's all the like of her can ever get to please them—and she's gotten that," he said, giving another vigorous poke to the fire. Up here among the fells the fire was pleasant, though it was the middle of August, and Geoff's young frame was sufficiently unused to such long trudges to make him glad of the rest. He sat down and looked round him with a grateful sense of the warmth and repose. A north-country cottage was no strange place to young Lord Stanton, and all the tremor of the adventure had passed from him at the sight of the light and the homely, kindly interior. No harm could possibly happen in so familiar an atmosphere, and in such a natural place. Meantime old 'Lizabeth, with a thrill of agitation in her movements which was very apparent, busied herself in laying the table, putting down a clean tablecloth, and placing bread, cheese, and milk upon it. "I have wine, if you like wine better," she said. "He will get it, but he takes none himself, nothing, poor lad, nothing. He's a good son and a good lad—many a time I've thanked God that he's left me such a lad to be the comfort of my old age."

Wild Bampfylde gave a laugh which was harsh and broken. "You were not always so thankful," he said, producing out of some unseen corner a black bottle; "but the milk is better

for you, my young lord, than the wine."

"Hush, lad; milk is little to the like of him; but *that's* good, for I have it here for—a sick person. Take something, take something, young gentleman. You can trust them that have broken bread in your presence, and sat at your table. Well, if you will have the milk, though it costs but little, it's good too; I would not give my brown cow for ne'er a one in the dales; and eat a bit of the wheaten bread, its baker's bread, like what you eat at your own grand house. I would not be so mean as to set you down, a gentleman like you, to what's good and good enough for us. The griddle-cake! no, but you'll not eat that, my young lord, not that; its o'er homely for the like of you—"

"I am not hungry," said Geoff, "and I came here, you know, not to eat and drink, but to hear something you had to tell me, Mrs. Bampfylde."

"My name is 'Lizabeth—nobody says mistress to me."

"Well; but you have something to tell me. I left home without any explanation, and I wish to get back soon, that they—that my mother," said Geoff, half-ashamed, yet too proud to omit the apparently (he thought) childish excuse, since it was true, "may not be uneasy."

"Your mother? forgive me that did not mind your mother! Oh, you're a good lad; you're worthy a woman's trust that thinks of your mother, and dares to say it! Ay, ay—there's plenty to tell; if I can make up my mind to it—if I can make up my mind!"

"Was not your mind made up then," said Geoff with some impatience, "when in this way, in the night, you sent for me?"

"Oh lad!" cried 'Lizabeth, wringing her hands. "How was I to know you would come, the like of you to the like of me? I put it on Providence that has been often contrary—oh, aye contrary, to mine and me. I shouldn't have tempted God. I said to myself if

he comes it will be the hand of Heaven. But who was to think you would come? You a lord, and a fine young gentleman, and me a poor auld woman, older than your grandmother. I thought my heart would have sunk to my shoes when I saw he had come after a'!"

"I told you he would come," said Bampfylde, who stood leaning against the mantelpiece. He had taken his bread and cheese from the table, and was eating it where he stood.

"Of course I would come," said Geoff. "I could not suppose you would send for me for nothing. I knew it must be something important. Tell me now, for here I am."

'Lizabeth sat down, dropping into a wooden armchair at the end of the table with a kind of despair, and throwing her apron over her head, fell a crying feebly. "What am I to do? what am I to do?" she said, sobbing. "I have tempted Providence—Oh, but I forgot what was written, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'"

For a minute or two neither of the men spoke, and the sounds of her distress were all that was audible. One or twice, indeed, Geoff thought he heard a faint sound, like the echo of some low wail or moan come through the silence. Not the moan itself but an echo, a ghost of it. But his companions took no notice of this, and he thought he must be mistaken. Everything besides was still. The fire by this time had burned up, and now and then broke into a little flutter of flame; the clock went on ticking with that measured steady movement which 'beats out the little lives of men;' and the broken sobs grew lower. An impatience of the stillness began to take possession of Geoff, but what was he to say? He restrained himself with an effort.

"You should make a clean breast," said Bampfylde, munching his bread and cheese as he spoke, with his eyes fixed on the fire, not looking at his mother. "Long since it would have been well to do it and an ease to your mind. I would make a clean breast now."

"Oh lad, a clean breast, a clean breast!" she said rocking herself. "If it was only me it concerned—if it was only me!"

"If it was only you what would it matter?" said the vagrant, with a philosophy which sounded less harsh to the person addressed than to him who looked on. "You—you're old, and you'll die, and there would be an end of it; but them that suffer most have years and years before them, and if you die before you do justice——"

"Then you can tell, that have aye wanted to tell!" she cried with a hot outburst of indignation mingled with tears. Then she resumed that monotonous movement, rocking herself again and again, and calmed herself down. It is not so intolerable to a peasant to be told of his or her approaching end as it is to others. She was used to plain speech, and was it not reasonable what he said? "It's all true, quite true. I'm old and I cannot bide here for ever to watch him and think of him—and I might make a friend, the Lord grant it, and find one to stand by him——"

"You mean another, a second one," said her son. He stood through all this side dialogue munching his bread and cheese without once glancing at her even, his shoulders high against the mantelpiece, his eyes cast down.

After a moment's interval 'Lizabeth rose. She came forward moving feebly in her agitation to where Geoff sat. "My young lord," she said, "my young gentleman, if I tell you that that I would rather die than tell—that that breaks my heart: you'll mind that I am doing it to make amends to the dead and to the living—and—you'll swear to me first to keep it secret? You'll swear your Bible oath? without that, not another word."

"Swear!" said Geoff, in alarm.

"Just swear—you can do it as well, they tell me, in one place as another, in a private house or a justice court. I hope we have Bibles here—Bibles enough if we but make a right use of them," said the old woman, per-

plexed, mingling the formulas of common life with the necessities of an extraordinary and unrealised emergency. "Here is a Testament, that is what is given in the very court itself. You'll lay your hand upon it, and you'll kiss the book and swear. Where are you going to, young man?"

Geoff rose and pushed away the book she had placed before him. He was half indignant, half disappointed. "Swear!" he said; "do you know what I want this information for? Is it to lock it up in my mind, as you seem to have done? I want it for use. I want it to help a man who has been cruelly treated between you. I have no right to stand up for him," said Geoff, his nostrils expanding, his cheeks flushing, "but I feel for him—and do you think I will consent to put my last chance away, and hear your story for no good? No, indeed; if I am not to make use of it I will go back again—I don't want to know."

The old woman, and it may be added her son also, stood and gazed upon the glowing eager countenance of the young man with a mingling of feelings which it would be impossible to describe. Admiration, surprise, and almost incredulity were in them. He had not opposed them hitherto, and it was almost impossible to believe that he would have the courage to oppose them so decidedly; but as he stood confronting them, young, simple, ingenuous, reasonable, they were both convinced of their error. Geoff would yield no more than the hill behind. His very simplicity and easiness made him invulnerable. Wild Bampfylde burst into that sudden broken laugh which is with some the only evidence of emotion. He came forward hastily and patted Geoff's shoulder, "That's right, my lad, that's right," he cried.

"You will not," said old 'Lizabeth; "not swear!—and not hear me!—oh but you're bold—oh, but you've a stout heart to say that to me in my ain house! Then the Lord's delivered me, and I'll say nothing," she said with a sudden cry of delight.

Her son came up and took her by the arm. "Look here," he said, "it was me that brought him. I did not approve, but I did your bidding, as I've always done your bidding; but I've changed my mind if you've changed yours. *I'm taking an interest in it now.* Make no more fuss but tell him; for, remember, I know everything as well as you do, and if you will not I will. We have come too far to go back now. Tell him; or I will take him where he can see with his own eyes."

"See? what will he see?" cried 'Lizabeth, with a flush of angry colour. "Do you threaten me, lad? He'll see a poor afflicted creature; but that will tell him nothing."

"Mother! are you aye the same? Still *him*, always *him*, whatever happens. What has there been that has not yielded to him? the rest of us, your children as well, and justice and honour and right and your own comfort, and the young Squire's life. Oh, it's been a bonnie business from first to last! And if you will not tell now, then there is no hope, that I can see; and I will do it myself. I am not threatening; but what must be, must be. Mother, I'll have to do it myself."

When he first addressed her as mother, 'Lizabeth had started with a little cry. What might be the reason that made this mode of expression unusual it was impossible to say; but it affected the old woman as nothing had yet done. She looked up at him with a wondering wistful inquiry in her face, as if to ask in what meaning he used the word—kindly or unkindly, taunting or loving? When he repeated the name she started up as if the sound stung her, and stood for a moment like one driven half out of herself by force of pressure. She looked wildly round her as if looking for some escape, then suddenly seized the lighted candle, which still burned on the table. "Then if it must be, let it be," she said. "Oh, lad! it's years and years since I've heard that name! you that would not, and him that could not, and her that was far

away. Was there ever a mother as sore punished?" But it would seem that this expression of feeling exhausted the more generous impulse, for she set down the light on the table again, and dropping into her seat, threw her apron over her head. "No, I canna do it; I canna do it. Let him die in quiet. It canna be long."

The vagrant watched her with a keen scrutiny quite unlike his usual careless ways. "It's not them as are a burden on the earth that dies," he said. "You've said that long—let him die in peace; let him die in peace. Am I wishing him harm? There's ne'er a one will hurt *him*. He's safe enough. Whoever suffers, it will not be him."

"Oh, lad, lad!" cried the mother, uncovering her face to look at him. At 'Lizabeth's age there are no floods of tears possible. Her eyes were drawn together and full of moisture—that was all. She looked at him with a passion of reproach and pain. "Did you say suffer? What's a' the troubles that have been into this house to his affliction? My son, my son, my miserable lad! You that can come and go as ye like, that have a mind free, that have your light heart—oh ay, you have a light heart, or how could you waste your days and your nights among beasts and wild things? How can the like of you judge the like of him?"

During this long discussion, to which he had no sort of clue, Geoff stood looking from one to another in a state of perplexity impossible to describe. It could not be John Musgrave they were talking of! Who could it be? Some one who was "afflicted," yet who had been exempt from burdens which had fallen in his stead upon others. Young Lord Stanton, who had come here eager to hear all the story in which he was so much interested, anxious to discover everything, stood, his eyes growing larger, his lips dropping apart in sheer wonder, listening; and feeling all the time that these two peasants spoke a different

language from himself, and one to which he had no clue. Just then, however, in the dead silence after 'Lizabeth had spoken, the faint sound like a muffled cry which he had heard before, broke in more loudly. It made Geoff start, who could not guess what it meant, and it roused his companions effectually, who did know. 'Lizabeth wrung her hands; she raised her head in an agony of listening. "He has got one of his ill turns," she said. Bampfylde, too, abandoned his careless attitude by the mantelpiece, and stood up watchful, startled into readiness and preparation as for some emergency. But the cry was not repeated, and gradually the tension relaxed again. "It would be but an ill dream," said 'Lizabeth, pressing a handkerchief to her wet eyes.

Geoff did not know what to do. He was in the midst of some family mystery, which might or might not relate to the other mystery which it was his object to clear up; and this intense atmosphere of anxiety awoke the young man's ready sympathies. All his feelings had changed since he came into the cottage. He who had come a stranger, ready to extract what they could tell by any means, harsh or kind, and who did not know what harshness he might encounter or what danger he might himself run, had passed over entirely to their side. He was as safe as in his own house; he was as deeply interested as he would have been in a personal trouble. His voice faltered as he spoke. "I don't know what it is that distresses you," he said; "I don't want to pry into your trouble; but if I can help you you know I will, and I will betray none of your secrets that you trust me with. I will say nothing more than is necessary to clear Musgrave—if Musgrave can be cleared."

"Musgrave! Musgrave!" cried old 'Lizabeth, impatiently; "it's him you all think of, not my boy. And what has he lost, when all's done? He got his way, and he got my Lily; never

since then have I set eyes on her, and never will. I paid him the price of my Lily for what he did; and was that nothing? Musgrave! Speak no more o' Musgrave to me!"

"Oh, mother," said her son, with kindred impatience, as he walked towards her and seized her arm in sudden passion; "oh, 'Lizabeth Bampfylde! You do more than murder men, for you kill the pity in them! What's all you have done compared to what he has done? and me—am I nothing? Two—three of us! Lily, too, you've sacrificed Lily! And is it all to go on to another generation, and the wrong to last? I think you have a heart of stone—a heart of stone to them and to me!"

At this moment there was another louder cry, and mother and son started together with one impulse, forgetting their struggle. 'Lizabeth took up the candle from the table, and Bampfylde hastily went to a cupboard in the corner, from which he took out something. He made an imperative sign to Geoff to follow, as he hurried after his mother. They went through a narrow winding passage lighted only by the flickering of the candle which 'Lizabeth carried, and by what looked like a mass of something white, but was in reality the moonlight streaming in through a small window. At the end of the passage was a steep stair, almost like a ladder. Already Geoff, hurrying after the mother and son, was prepared by the cries for what the revelation was likely to be; and he was scarcely surprised when, after careful reconnoitring by an opening in the door, defended by iron bars, they both entered hastily, though with precaution, leaving him outside. Geoff heard the struggle that ensued, the wild cries of the madman, the aggravation of frenzy which followed, when it was evident they had secured him. Neither mother nor son spoke, but went about their work with the precision of long use. Geoff had not the heart to look in through the opening which Bampfylde had left free. Why should he

spy upon them? He could not tell what connection this prison chamber had with the story of John Musgrave, but there could be little doubt of the secret here inclosed. He did not know how long he waited outside, his young frame all thrilling with excitement and painful sympathy. How could he help them? was what the young man thought. It was against the law he knew to keep a lunatic thus in a private house, but Geoff thought only of the family, the mysterious burden upon their lives, the long misery of the sufferer. He was overawed, as youth naturally is, by contact with misery so hopeless and so terrible. After a long time Bampfylde came out, his dress torn and disordered, and great drops of moisture hanging on his forehead. "Have you seen him?" he asked in a whisper. He did not understand Geoff's hesitation and delicacy, but with a certain impatience pointed him to the opening in the door, which was so high up that Geoff had to ascend two rough wooden steps placed there for the purpose, to look through. The room within was higher than could have been supposed from the height of the cottage; it was not ceiled, but showed the construction of the roof, and in a rude way it was padded here and there, evidently to prevent the inmate doing himself a mischief. The madman lay upon a mattress on the floor, so confined now that he could only lie there and pant and cry; his mother sat by him motionless. Though his face was wild and distorted, and his eyes gleaming furiously out of its paleness, this unhappy creature had the same handsome features which distinguished the family. Young Geoff could scarcely restrain a shiver, not of fear, but of nervous excitement, as he looked at this miserable sight. Old 'Lizabeth sat confronting him, unconscious of the hurried look which was all Geoff could give. She was clasping her knees with her hands in one of those forced and rigid attitudes almost painful, which seem to give a kind of ease to pain—

and sat with her head raised, and her strained eyes pitifully vacant, in that pause of half-unconsciousness in which all the senses are keen, yet the mind stilled with very excitement. "I cannot spy upon them," said Geoff, in a whisper. "Is it safe to leave her there?"

"Quite safe; and at his maddest he never harmed her," said Bampfylde, leading the way down stairs. "That's my brother," he said, with bitterness, when they had reached the living room again; "my gentleman brother! him that was to be our honour and glory. You see what it's come to; but nothing will win her heart from him. If we should all perish, what of that? 'Lizabeth Bampfylde will aye have saved her son from shame. But come, come, sit down and eat a bit, my young lord. At your age the like of all this is bad for you."

"For me—what does it matter about me?" cried Geoff; "you have borne it for years."

"You may say that: for years—and would for years more, if she had her way; but a man must eat and drink, if his heart be sore. Take a morsel of something and a drink to give you strength to go home."

"I am very, very sorry for you," said Geoff, "but—you will think it heartless to say so—I have learned nothing. There is some mystery, but I knew as much as that before."

Bampfylde was moving about in the background searching for something. He reappeared as Geoff spoke with a bottle in his hand, and poured out for him a glass of dark-coloured wine. It was port, the wine most trusted in such humble houses. "Take this," he said; "take it, it's good, it will keep up your strength; and bide a moment till she comes. She will tell you herself—or I will tell you; now you've seen all the mysteries of this house, she will have to yield; she will have to yield at the last."

Geoff obeyed, being indeed very much exhausted and shaken by all

that had happened. He swallowed the sweet, strong decoction of unknown elements, which Bampfylde called port wine, and believed in as a panacea, and tried to eat a morsel of the oat-cake. They heard the distant moans gradually die out, as the blueness of dawn stole in at the window. Bampfylde, whose tongue seemed to be loosed by this climax of excitement, began to talk; he told Geoff about the long watch of years which they had kept, how his mother and he relieved each other, how they had hoped the patient was growing calmer, how he had mended and calmed down, sometimes for long intervals, but then grown worse again; and the means they had used to restrain him, and all the details of his state. When the ice was thus broken, it seemed a relief to talk of it. "He was to make all our fortunes," Bampfylde said; "he was a gentleman—and he was a great scholar. All her pride was in him; and this is what it's come to now."

They had fallen into silence when 'Lizabeth came in. Their excitement had decreased, thanks to the conversation and the natural relief which comes after a crisis, but hers was still at its full height. She came in solemnly, and sat down amongst them, the blue light from the window making a paleness about her as she placed herself in front of it; the lamp was still burning on the mantelshelf, and the fire kept up a ruddy variety of light. She seated herself in the big wooden arm-chair with a solemn countenance and fixed her eyes upon Geoff, who, moved beyond measure by pity and reverence, did not know what to think.

"He will have told you," she said. "I would have died sooner, my young lord; and soon I'll die—but, my boy, first I pray God. Ay, you've seen him now. That was him that was my pride, that was the hope I had in my life; that was him that killed young Lord Stanton and made John Musgrave an exile and a wanderer. Ay—you know it all now."

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EARLY MEETING.

GEOFF left the cottage when the sun had just risen. He was half-giddy, half-stunned by the strange new light, unexpected up to the last moment, which had been thrown upon the whole question which he had undertaken to solve. He was giddy too with fatigue, the night's watch, the long walk, the want of sleep. Besides all these confusing influences there is something in the atmosphere of the very early morning, the active stillness, the absence of human life, the pre-occupation of Nature with a hundred small (as it were) domestic cares, such as she never exhibits to the eye of man, that moves the mind of an unaccustomed observer to a kind of rapture, bewildering in its solemn influence. To come out from the lonely little house folded among the hills, with all its miseries past and present, its sad story, its secret, the atmosphere of human suffering in it, to all the still glory of the summer morning was of itself a bewilderment. The same world, and only a step between them: but one all pain and darkness, mortal anguish, and confusion, the other all so clear, so sweet, so still, solemn with the serious beginning of the new day, and instinct with that great, still pressure of something more than what is seen, some soul of earth and sky which goes deeper than all belief, and which no sceptic of the higher kind, but only the gross and earthly, can disbelieve in. Young Geoff disbelieving nothing, his heart full of the faith and conviction of youth, came out into this wide purity and calm with an expansion of all his being. It was all he could do not to burst into sudden tears when he felt the sudden relief—the dew crept to his eyelids though it did not fall, his bosom contracted and expanded as with a sob. To this world of mountain and cloud—of rising sunshine and soft breathing air, and serene delicious silence pervaded by the soft indis-

tinguishable hum of unseen water and rustling grasses, and minute living creatures, unseen beneath the mountain herbage—what is the noblest palace built with hands but a visible limitation and contraction of the world, an appropriation of a petty corner out of which human conceit makes its centre of the earth? Bampfylde, who had come out with him, and to whom the story Geoff had just heard was not new, felt the relief more simply. He drew a long breath of refreshment and ease, expanding his breast and stretching out his arms, and then this rough vagrant fellow, unconscious of literature, did what Virgil did in such a morning for his poet companion; he spread both his hands upon the fragrant grass, all heavy with the early dew, and bathed his face and weary eyes.

"That's life," said the man of woods and hills; the freshness of nature was all the help he had, all the support as well as all the poetry his maimed existence could possess.

Bampfylde went with his young companion round the shoulder of the hill to show him the way. It was a nearer and shorter road to the level country than that by which they had come, for Geoff was anxious to get home early. Bampfylde pointed out to him the line of road which twisted about and about like a ribbon, crossing now one slope, now another, till it disappeared upon the shadowed side of the green hill which presided over Penninghame, and beyond which the lake gleamed blue, not yet reached by the sunshine.

"It's like the story," he said, "it's like a parable; ye come by Stanton, my young lord, and ye go by Penninghame. It's your nearest way; and there, if you ask at John Armstrong's in the village, ye'll get a trap to take you home."

Geoff was not sufficiently free in mind to be able to give any attention to the parable. Those fantastic symbolisms of accident or circumstance which so often would seem to be arranged like shadows of more important

matters by some elfish secondary providence, need a spirit at rest to enter into them. He was glad to be alone, to realize all that he had heard, to compose the wonderful tangle of new information and new thoughts into something coherent, without troubling himself about the fact that he was now bending his steps direct, the representative of Walter Stanton who had been killed, to the house from which John Musgrave had been wrongfully driven for having killed him. He did not even yet know all the particulars of the story, and as he endeavoured to disentangle them in his mind Geoff felt in his bewilderment that absolute want of control over his own intelligence and thoughts which is the common result of fatigue and overstrain. Instead of thinking out the imbroglia and deciding what was to be done, his mind, like a tired child, kept playing with the rising light which touched every moment a new peak and caught every moment a new reflection in some bit of mountain stream or waterfall, or even in a ditch or moorland cutting, so impartial is Heaven; or his ear was caught by that hum of mystic indistinguishable multitude—"the silence of the hills"—so called, the soft rapture of sound in which not one tone is distinct or anything audible; or his eye by the gradual unrolling of the landscape as he went on, one fold opening beyond another, the distant hills on one hand, the long stretch of Penninghame water with all its miniature bays and curves. Then for a little while he lost the lake by a doubling of the path, which seemed to reinclose him among the hollows of the hills, and which amused him with the complete change of its shade and greenness; until turning the next corner, he found the sun triumphant over all the landscape and Penninghame water lying like a sheet of silver or palest gold, dazzling and flashing between its slopes. This wonderful glory so suddenly bursting upon him completed the discomfiture of young Geoff's attempts at thought.

He gave it up then, and went on with weary limbs and a mind full of languid soft delight in the air about him and the scene before his eyes, attempting no more deductions from what he had heard or arrangements as to what he should do. Emotion and exertion together had worn him out.

About the time he resigned himself (with the drowsy surprise we feel in dreams) to this incapable state, his eye was caught by a speck upon the road beneath advancing towards him, so small in the distance that Geoff's languid imagination, capable of no more active exercise, began to wonder who the little pilgrim could be, so little and so lonely, and so early astir. Perhaps it was the distance that made the advancing passenger look so small. Little Liliat at the Castle would have satisfied her mind by the easy conclusion that it was some little fairy old woman, the traveller most naturally to be met with at such an hour and place. But Geoff, more artificial, did not think of that. He kept watching the little wayfarer, as the figure appeared and disappeared on the winding road. By and by he made out that it was either a very small woman or a little girl, coming on steadily to meet him, with now and then an occasional pause for breath, for the ascent was steep. Geoff's mind got quite entangled with this little figure. Who could it be? who could she be? A little cottager bound on some early expedition, seeking some of the mountain fruits, blackberries, cranberries, wild strawberries, perhaps: but then she never turned aside to the rougher ground, but kept on the path; or she might be going to some farmhouse to get milk for the family breakfast: but then there were no farmhouses in that direction. Altogether Geoff felt himself quite sufficiently occupied as he came gradually downwards watching this child, his limbs feeling heavy, and his head somewhat light. At last, after losing sight of the little figure which had given him for some time a sort of distant companionship, another

turn brought him full in sight of her, and so near that he recognised her with the most curious and startling interest. He could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. It was the little girl whom he had met at the door of Penninghame Castle, John Musgrave's child, the most appropriate, yet the most extraordinary of all encounters he could have made. He stood still in his surprise, awaiting her; and as for little Liliás she made a sudden spring towards him, holding out her hand with a cry of joy, her little, pale face crimsoned over with relief and pleasure. Her heart and limbs were beginning to fail her; she had begun to grow frightened and discouraged by the loneliness; and to see a face that had been seen before, that has looked friendly, that recognised her—what a relief it was to the little wayfaring soul! She sprang forward to him, and then in the comfort of it fairly broke down, and sobbed and cried, trying to smile all the time, and to tell him that she was glad, and that he must not mind.

Geoff, however, minded very much. He was full of concern and sympathy. He took her hand, and putting his arm round her (for she was still a child), led her to the soft, mossy bank on the edge of the path, and placed her there to rest. He was not at all sorry to place himself beside her, notwithstanding his haste. He, too, was so young and so tired! though for the moment he forgot both his fatigue and his youth, and felt most fatherly, soothing the little girl, and entreating her to take comfort, and not to cry.

"Oh," said little Liliás, when she recovered the power of speech, "I am not crying for trouble, *now*; I am crying for pleasure. It was so lonely. I thought everybody must be dead, and there was no one but only me in all the world."

"That was exactly what I felt, too," said Geoff; "but what are you doing here, so far away, and all alone? Have you lost yourself? Has anything happened? When you have

rested a little, you must come back with me, and I will take you home."

The tears were still upon the child's cheeks, and two great lucid pools in her eyes, which made their depths of light more unfathomable than ever. And after the sudden flush of excitement and pleasure, Liliás had paled again; her little countenance was strangely white; her dark hair hung, loosely curling, about her cheeks; her eyes were full of pathetic meaning. Geoff, who had thrown himself down beside her, with one arm half round her, and holding her small hand in his, felt his young breast swell with the tenderest sympathy. What was the child's trouble that was so great? Poor little darling! How sweet it was to be able to fill up her world, and prove to her that there was not "only me." One other made all the difference; and Geoff felt this as much as she did. Her face had gleamed so often across his imagination since he saw it: the most innocent visitant that could come and look a young man in the face in the midst of his dreams—only a child! He felt disposed to kiss the little hand in half fondness, half reverence; but did not, being restrained by something more reverent and tender still.

"I would like to go with you," said Liliás, "but not home. I am not going home. I am going up there—up. I don't know how far—where the old woman lives. I am trying to find something out, something about papa. Oh, I wonder if you know! Are you a friend of my papa? You look as if you had a friend's face—but I don't know your name."

"My name—is Geoffrey Stanton—but most people call me Geoff. I should like you to call me Geoff—and I am a friend, little Lily. You are Lily, *too*, are you not? I am a sworn friend to your papa."

"Liliás," said the child, with a sigh; "but I don't think I am little any more. I was little when I came, but old; oh! much older than any one thought. They thought I was only

ten, because I was so little ; but I was twelve ! and that will soon be a year ago. I have always taken care of Nello as long as I can remember, and that makes one old you know. And now here is this about papa, which I never knew, which I never heard of, which is not true, I know. I know it is not true. Papa kill any one ? *papa* ? Do you know what that means ? It is as if—the sky should kill some one, or the beautiful kind light, or a little child. All that, all that, sooner than papa ! Me, I have often felt as if I could kill somebody : but *he*—” the tears were streaming in a torrent down the child’s cheeks, and got into her voice ; but she went on, “ he ! people don’t know what they are saying. I do not know any words to tell you how different he is—that it is impossible, *impossible ! impossible !*” she cried, her voice rising in intensity of emphasis. As for Geoff, he held her hand ever closer, and kept gazing at her with the tears coming to his own eyes.

“ He did not do it,” he said. “ Listen to me, Liliás, and if you write to him, you can tell him. Tell him Geoffrey Stanton knows everything, and will never rest till he is cleared. Do you know what I mean ? You must tell him——”

“ But I never write—we do not know where he is ; but tell me over again for me, *me*. He did not do it. Do you think I do not know that ? But Mr. Geoff (if that is your name) come with me up to the old woman, and take her to the tribunal, and make her tell what she knows. That is the right way, Martuccia says so, and I have read it in books. She must go to the judge, and she must say it all, and have it written down in a book. It is like that—I am not so ignorant. Come with me to the old woman, Mr. Geoff.”

“ What old woman ?” he asked. “ And tell me how you heard of all this, Liliás. You did not know till the other day !”

“ Last night—only last night ; there is a man, an unkind, disagreeable man, No. 213.—VOL. XXXVI.

who is at the Castle now. Mary said he was my uncle Randolph. They were in the hall, and I heard them talking. That man said it all ; but Mary did not say no as I do, she only cried. And then I rushed and asked Miss Brown what it meant. Miss Brown is Mary’s maid, and she knows everything. She told me about a gentleman, and then of some one who was mamma, and of an old woman who could tell it all, up, up on the mountain. I think perhaps, it is the same old woman I saw.”

“ Did you see her ? When did you see her, Lily ?”

“ I was little then,” said Liliás, with mournful, childish dignity. “ I had not begun to know. I thought, perhaps, it was a fairy. Yes, you will laugh. I was only not much better than a child. And when children are in the woods, don’t you know, fairies often come ? I was ignorant, that was what I thought. She was very kind. She kissed me, and asked if I would call her granny. Poor old woman ! She was very very sorry for something. I think that must be the old woman. She knows everything, Miss Brown says. Mr. Geoff,” said Liliás, turning round upon him, putting her two clasped hands suddenly upon his shoulder, and fixing her eyes upon his face, “ I am going to her, will you not come with me ? It is dreadful, dreadful, to go away far alone—everything looks so big and so high, and one only, one is so small, and everything is singing altogether, and it is all so still, and then your heart beats and thumps, and you have no breath, and it is so far, far away. Mr. Geoff, oh ! I would love you so much, I would thank you for ever ; I would do anything for you, if you would only come with me ! I am not really tired ; only frightened. If I could have brought Nello, it would have been nothing. I should have had him to take care of—, but Nello is such a little fellow. He does not understand anything ; he could not know about papa as I do, and as you seem to do. Mr. Geoff, when was

it you saw papa? Oh! will you come up, up yonder, and go to the old woman with me?"

"Dear little Lily," said Geoff, holding her in his arms, "you are not able to walk so far; it is too much for you; you must come with me home."

"I am able to go to the end of the world," cried Liliás, proudly. "I am not tired. Oh, if you had never come I should have gone on, straight on! I was thinking, perhaps, you would go with me, that made me so stupid. No, never mind, since you do not choose to come. Good-bye, Mr. Geoff. No, I am not angry. Perhaps you are tired yourself:—and then," said Liliás, her voice quivering, "you are not papa's child, and it is not your business. Oh! I am quite able to go on. I am not tired—not at all tired; it was only," she said, vehemently, the tears overpowering her voice, "only because I caught sight of you so suddenly, and I thought he will come with me, and it made my heart so easy, but never mind, never mind!"

By this time she was struggling to escape from him, to go on, drying her tears with a hasty hand, and eager to get free and go upon her journey. Her lips were quivering, scarcely able to form the words. The disappointment, after that little burst of hope, was almost more than Liliás could bear.

"Lily," he said, holding her fast, despite her struggles, "listen first. I have just been there. I have seen the old woman. There is nothing more for you to do, dear. Won't you listen to me, won't you believe me? Dear little Lily, I have found out everything, I know everything. I cannot tell it you all, out here on the hillside; but it was another who did it, and your papa was so kind, so good, that he allowed it to be supposed it was he, to save the other man——"

"Ah!" cried Liliás, ceasing to

struggle, "ah! yes, that is like him. I know my papa, there. Yes, that is what he would do. Oh, Geoff, dear Mr. Geoff, tell me more, more!"

"As we go home," said Geoff. He was so tired that it was all he could do to raise himself again from the soft cushions of the mossy grass. He held Liliás still by the hand. And in this way the two wearied young creatures went down the rest of the long road together—she, eager, with her face raised to him; he stooping towards her. They leaned against each other in their weariness, walking on irregularly, now slow, now faster, hand in hand. And oh! how much shorter the way seemed to Liliás as she went back. She vowed never, never to tell any one; never to talk of it except to Mr. Geoff—while Geoff, on his part, promised, that everything should be set right, that everybody should know her father to be capable of nothing evil, but of everything good, that all should be well with him; that he should come and live at home for ever, and that all good people should be made happy, and all evil ones confounded. The one was scarcely more confident than the other that all this was possible and likely, as the boy and the girl came sweetly down the hill together, tired but happy, with traces of tears about their eyes, but infinite relief in their hearts. The morning, now warm with the full glory of the sun, was sweet beyond all thought—the sky, fathomless blue, above them—the lake a dazzling sheet of silver at their feet. Here and there sounds began to stir of awakening in the little farmhouses, and under the thatched cottage eaves; but still they had the earth all to themselves like a younger Adam and Eve—nothing but blue space and distance, sweet sunshine warming and rising, breathing of odours and soft baptism of dew upon the new-created pair.

To be continued.

THE TEXT OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."

THE object of this paper is to determine the relation between the text of the first quarto (Q_1) and the second (Q_2) of this play. As my desire is to be brief, I shall take the following conclusions of modern criticism for granted:—

1. The first quarto, if read by itself, leaves on the mind the impression that it is a complete play, and it is only on line for line comparison with Q_2 that we seem to find ground for supposing that it is the result of notes taken hurriedly at the performance of the play and afterwards cooked up.

2. Q_2 was printed in many parts from a revised copy of the original source of Q_1 . (See Mr. Daniel's notes and the emendations by him and me in his edition of the play.) I will call the first form of the play from which Q_1 and Q_2 were derived (whether with or without interpolations) Q_0 . It was of course a MS., and is not now known.

3. Q_1 is an *abridgment* of Q_0 .

The problem to be solved is this: was Q_1 a play of Shakespeare's, afterwards revised by him into Q_2 , the shape in which it has always been since reproduced? or was it a play by another hand, altered by him, and by him set forth on the stage? Nearly all our best critics have held the former view. I am bold enough to advocate the latter, and shall try to prove the following propositions:—

1. That there is external evidence in its favour.

2. That Q_1 is an abridgment made for acting purposes, not from passages having been missed by an imperfect note-taker. This will depend on

3. That there are errors in Q_1 which must have arisen from the eye, not from the ear.

4. That the metre of part of Q_1 is essentially different from that of Shakespeare's first and second periods.

5. That the differences between Q_1 and Q_2 increase towards the end of the play, showing that the revision had been partly carried out already in Q_1 .

6. That there are coincidences between Q_1 and *Henry VI.* which do not exist in Q_2 ; and that the kind of alteration resembles that which formed the folio text of *Richard III.* from the quarto.

7. That the metre of part of Q_1 is that of G. Peele, and that Q_2 alters this into Shakespeare's metre.

If I can support even the majority of these propositions it will be clear that my conclusion cannot be avoided. I begin then with the external evidence. The grounds for assigning the play entirely to Shakespeare are two: first that it is included in the folio edition of 1623; secondly, that it is mentioned as his by contemporaneous writers who must have known who was the author. But the folio edition included *Titus Andronicus*, all three parts of *Henry VI.*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Pericles*, *Timon*, and *Henry VIII.*, in every one of which plays there are portions at least not by him. All critics grant this, and this excludes the testimony of the folio as conclusive; the question still remains open. Again, as to contemporaneous allusions, we must remember that the bringer out of an edited play was regarded as its author. If such testimony is to be taken as proof of single authorship in this play we can make out as good a case for *Pericles* as we can for *Romeo and Juliet*, as far as this ground is concerned: nay, a better one, for the quarto edition of that play had Shakespeare's name on its title-page, but *Romeo and Juliet* had not. Four editions were published in Shakespeare's lifetime, three of these were subsequent to 1598, and not one of these had his name inscribed; yet

of the twenty-nine quartos published of his genuine plays between 1598 and 1616 (the time of his death) not one omits this inscription. The plays that do omit it are the *True Tragedy, The Contention*, the spurious *Henry V.*, and *Titus Andronicus*. This omission is absolutely fatal to his claim to sole authorship in all these instances, unless the strongest internal evidence can be adduced. Nay more, Mr. Halliwell has pointed out the fact that after a few copies of an undated quarto (Q_1) of *Romeo and Juliet* had been issued with the name, the title-page was altered and the name suppressed. On what possible ground can we conceive this unusual step to have been taken except the reluctance of Shakespeare to admit the authorship of this tragedy, so unlike the tragedies which we know he did produce? In the case of the historical play of *Richard III.* he seems not to have felt the same scruples. It is noticeable that Smethwicke the publisher of Q_3 , Q_4 , of *Romeo and Juliet*, being one of the proprietors of the folio, was likely to be in closer communication with the king's company of players than Wise or Law, the publishers of the quartos of *Richard III.* On the whole, while the positive evidence cannot well be held to show more than that Shakespeare produced the play and was known to have a hand in it, the negative evidence is extremely strong that he refused to claim the authorship or even to have it attributed to him. Let us now look into the play itself. The following misprints occur with a few others in Q_1 ; "honor" for "humour" (twice); "hopes" for "hours"; "hart" for "breast"; "you" for "I"; "they" for "you"; "now," omitted; "*Mer*," omitted; "*Montague*" for "*Capulet*"; "young" repeated wrongly from previous line; "more," omitted; "so," omitted; "darke" for "danke"; "hart" for "part"; "faire" for "farre"; "fitrer" for "fitter"; "house" for "houses"; "epitaph" for "epitaph"; "he" for "be"; "so," omitted; "a," omitted. These,

with a few single letters dropped out in the middle of words, are all the printer's errors that occur. Instead of Q_1 being a surreptitious hurriedly printed play, it is one of the most accurately printed editions that we have of any early drama. Moreover, there is not one single error that would arise from mishearing, as would inevitably be the case in a copy produced from imperfect notes taken at a theatre: the errors are all such as would occur from the MS. of Q_1 being imperfectly written by a scribe whose hand was not over legible. Comparison with texts really obtained in such a surreptitious manner, for instance with the first quarto of *Hamlet* will show this at once. Nay, the text of Q_1 , as regards these minor faults, is better than Q_2 , in which exactly the same kind of error occurs frequently. Thus Q_2 gives "Neronas" for "Veronas"; "is" for "his"; "A sick man makes his will" for "Bid a sick man make his will"; "fennell" for "female"; "and," omitted; "houre" for "honor" (twice); "dum" for "dun"; "you" for "your"; "lights" for "like"; "suit" for "saile"; "showes" for "shines"; "'tis" for "this" (twice); "provaunt" for "pronounce"; "day" for "dove"; "wene" for "were"; "more," omitted; "injured" for "injured"; "your," omitted; "end" for "eyed"; "kisman" several times for "kinsman"; "aged" for "agile"; "and" inserted; "upon" for "on"; "dimme" for "damned"; "shot" for "short"; "mishaved" for "misbehaved"; "puts" for "pouts"; "padon" for "pardon him"; "I," omitted; "Father" for "*Father*"; "obsolved" for "absolved" (twice); "care" for "cure" (twice); "tomb," omitted; "stay" for "slay"; "breast" for "breath"; "go," omitted; "father" for "faith"; "And doleful dumps the mind oppress," omitted; "pray" for "pay"; "young" for "yeugh" (twice); "I will believe," inserted; "where is my Lord?" inserted; two passages of four lines each, repeated; "two," repeated;

"shrike" for "shrieked;" "slaughter" for "slaughtered;" "earling" for "early;" besides omissions of single letters, and the very important misplacings and manglings of whole passages pointed out by Mr. Daniel and myself in the notes to his edition. If misreadings are to be taken as evidence of a play's being surreptitiously printed from notes taken down by hearing, Q_2 has more evidence against its genuineness than Q_1 . It is only from critics coming to this play with prejudices derived from the study of the early quarto of *Hamlet* and *Henry V.* that they have fancied they could see indications of either abridgment (other than that so often made for acting purposes) or surreptitious production.

That Q_1 was not a mere corruption or imperfect representation of Q_2 is demonstrable; for it can be shown that the correcting process was not finished before Q_2 was printed, but only in progress. The following instances among others may be adduced in proof of this assertion. Act iii., Scene 3, L. 35—45, stands thus in Q_1 :—

"More courtship lives

*In carrion flies than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of fair Juliet's skin,
And steal immortal kisses from her lips;*

1 *But Romeo may not he is banished.*

2 *Flies may do this, but I from this must fly."*

In Q_2 they are replaced by :—

"More courtship lives

*In carrion flies than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,*

*Who even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.*

3 *This may flies do, when I from this must fly,
And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?*

1 *But Romeo may not, he is banished.*

2 *Flies may do this, but I from this must fly;*

4 *They are free men, but I am banished."*

I imagine there can be no doubt that this is the case of revision, and that the lines I have marked 3, 4 were meant to replace the lines 1, 2. Yet the editors almost unanimously retain 1; and many of them 4 also. I have not the slightest hesitation in cancelling 1, 2, and retaining 3, 4. Mr. Daniel may be right in placing

4 immediately after 3; but it is of more importance to note the rejection of the phrase "immortal kisses" so familiar to the readers of Shakespeare's predecessors. It tells strongly against Q_1 being his composition in its entirety.

Again in Act v., Scene 3, Line 103, Q_2 :—

"I will believe

Shall I believe that," &c.

No editor has doubted that "I will believe" should be deleted; it is clear that the writer corrected his first draft and forgot to erase what he replaced. But Q_1 following probably Q_0 has "O, I believe."

And a few lines further on :—

"And never from this pallet of dim night
Depart again. Come lie thou in my arm.

1 *Here's to thy health where'er thou tum-
blest in.*

O true apothecary,

Thy drops are quick, thus with a kiss I die.
Depart again : here, &c.

2 *Here's to my Love. O thou apothecary
Thy drops are quick. Thus with a kiss I
die."*

Q_1 has only the two last lines, with *swift* for *quick*. Q_0 probably had the lines as first given, marked (1); but with *swift* for *quick*. These were corrected into the Q_1 form, and the transcript made for printing that edition; but enlarged into the form now usually adopted for Q_2 . The corrector has again forgotten to erase the (1) first form. The repetition of "depart again" shows correction. It cannot be a printer's blunder.

In Act iv. Scene 1, Line 3, we meet with three versions of a line, two in Q_2 , one in Q_1 . The evidently correct and fullest version of the three is :—

"Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient
vault

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie."

An intermediate form is that in Q_1 :—

"And when thou art laid in thy kindred's
vault."

And the form of original production (Q^0) is doubtless the line left in Q_2 , uncanceled by mistake :—

"Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave."

A careful study of this passage, with its context in Q_1 and Q_2 , will show that a form of the whole speech now lost must have originally existed, for the line in the shape last quoted will not fit in grammatically with the other lines of Q_1 or Q_2 , or any combination of them. It can only be explained on my assumption of a form from which Q_1 and Q_2 are both derived.

In Act ii. Scene 2, near the end:—

"The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frown
ing night,
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks
of light;
And darkness flecked like a drunkard reels,
From forth day's pathway made by Tytan's
wheels."

is misplaced in Romeo's speech; it should begin the next scene where it stands in Q_1 with the readings—

"Flecked darkness;
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery
wheels."

Q_2 repeats it in its proper place as Q_1 has it, but reads *fleckeld, checking, burning*. In *England's Parnassus* there is a fourth version which agrees with the first here given except in reading *cheering and streams for checking and streaks*. The repeated lines in Q_2 are here probably the original as written in Q_0 ; the lines in Q_1 a first correction; the lines inserted by the printer in the wrong place the final revision; and those in *England's Parnassus* a corruption of that.

Mr. Daniel has here, and in other places, rightly divined the cause of the duplication; indeed, in most critical questions of this nature I agree with his results. We only differ in general theory on this play because he holds that a multiplication of causes (shorthand note taking, abridgment for other than acting purposes, making insertions, revising, &c.) are to be assumed; and I hold it a fundamental principle that one cause (revision of Peele's play by Shakespeare) will account for all the phenomena. There are other passages explicable on this hypothesis (and only on it as I think), but for these I must refer to Mr. Daniel's notes. Of course,

we both admit abridgment for the requirements of the stage.

Similar examples to the above may be collected from other plays, *Love's Labour's Lost, Troilus and Cressida, &c.*, but not from any play of Shakespeare's where there is not independent external evidence that it has been revised and altered after its first composition.

Note also that in every instance where we get two versions of a passage in Q_2 the version in Q_1 lies between them; differing from either less than they differ from each other. If this is to be explained on the shorthand note taking system, either the piratical reporter must have had a supernatural insight into the corrections that were to appear in Q_2 , or the theory of probabilities must be discarded; unless, indeed, it is to be supposed that the pirated version in every instance gave rise to the corrected one; a theory which would perhaps suit those editors who adopt many readings from Q_1 , not because they have evidence in their favour, but because they commend themselves to the æsthetic sense as being better. To those who, like myself, form their judgments entirely on objective evidence, it is clear that these passages show that Q_2 was the result of a revision subsequent to Q_1 .

I come next to the differences of metre. I shall not dwell on the fact that Q_1 has many Alexandrines, as well as lines deficient by a foot or a head syllable, because these might be true on either theory as being due either to the original writer, or to the copyist if the edition were issued without revision. It would be reasoning in a circle to use these as an argument either one way or the other. But there are peculiarities that cannot be mistaken, and which must have existed in the original MS. of Q_0 . Thus we have "fire" rhyming to "liers;" "meeting" to "greetings;" "how" to "vowes;" "fate" to "mates;" "bring" to "things;" all except in one instance carefully corrected or avoided in Q_2 ; and in that exception (the first instance mentioned) "fire" is apparently a misprint for "fires."

Did the supposed pirate of this play invent all the lines in which this peculiarity occur? Did he also alter the many plurals which occur in Q_1 when Q_2 has singulars, and change whole lines on purpose to introduce them? Thus Q_1 has "cheekes," "directions," "compliments," "twenty years," "heavens," "tiptoes," "immortal parts," "beggarly accounts," "the streets," "a means," "these letters," where Q_2 has the singular. The converse never happens. Moreover that these plurals were intentionally corrected in Q_2 , such cases as the following make manifest:—

"But where unbrused youth with unstuff
braines,
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleep
remaines."

So Q_1 ; Q_2 alters this to

"Doth couch his lims there golden sleep doth
raigne ;"

and similarly in other passages.

Again in Q_1 , we find *r's*, *n's*, *l's*, forming separate syllables to an extent unknown in any of Shakespeare's writings; he pronounces *emp'ress*, *sett'led*, and the like; but such instances as *mor'ning*, *kin'sman*, *Thur'sday*, *packth'red* and the like, which occur in Q_1 as trisyllables, are utterly unknown to him, though common enough in his contemporaries Marlow and Peele. All the above instances and others are accordingly corrected in Q_2 . Thus:—

"Old ends of packth'red and cakes of roses,"
is changed into

"Remnants of packthred and old cakes of
roses."

These details, however, are becoming tedious. Let us look at a passage or two in themselves interesting, as well as bearing strongly on our argument. In v. 3, when Paris enters with flowers for Juliet's tomb, he says in Q_1 :—

"Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
bed,
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain,
The perfect model of eternity.
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands
That living honoured thee and being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb."

This is, as poetry, much finer than the regular six-lined stanza substituted for it in Q_2 ; at the same time, from the six italicised syllables, it is pretty clear that it is an unfinished sketch, meant to be ultimately fashioned into a stanza of six lines with three pairs of rhyme-lines. Was this lovely bit the production of an obscure note-taker? Surely not. Was it an early draught by Shakespeare, discarded for

"Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I
strew
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that with tears distill'd by
moans.
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and
weep."

I do not think it possible that he should either have issued an unfinished dirge, or have substituted one so very inferior. It seems to me that he objected to the form of the one he found done to his hand, and found it easier to write a new one than to re-model the other; thus obtaining the form he wanted, though with inferior matter.

A still more important passage is that in Act iv., Scene 5, where in Q_2 the lamentations for Juliet's supposed death run as follows:—

"Cap. Cruel, unjust, impartial destinies,
Why to this day have you preserved my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my joy, my life,
Deprived of sense, of life, of all, by death;
Cruel, unjust, impartial destinies."

"Par. O sad-fac'd sorrow, map of misery,
Why this sad time have I desir'd to see?
This day, this unjust, this impartial day,
Wherein I hoped to see my comfort full,
To be depriv'd by sudden destiny."

"Mother. O woe, alack, distrest, why should
I live
To see this day, this miserable day?
Alack the time that ever I was born,
To be partaker of this destiny,
Alack the day, alack and well a day."

¹ Danter the printer of Q_1 was partner of Chettle, author of *Hoffmann*, or *Revenge for a Father*. To him Danter would probably apply for literary help. But Chettle certainly did not write the stanza in the text. It is worth notice that Danter's edition was entered in the Stationers' books in the name of E. White, the publisher of *Andronicus* Q_1 , 1600.

Any one familiar with the sestines and dizanes in Sidney's *Arcadia*, in which every verse repeats the endings of the preceding, will, I think, agree with me that we have here a series of three verses of five lines each, meant to be ultimately cast in that form of composition; three of the endings being the words I have italicised, *day, see, destiny*; the other two being perhaps *time* and *unjust*. In any case it is certain that such a form of composition as this, even as it now stands, with its accompanying chorus, where all cry out,

"And all our joy and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled,"

is nowhere used by Shakespeare, and is essentially discordant with the genius of his dramatic writings. The suspicions as to the unity of authorship excited by these and other passages are fully confirmed if we look for a distinctive test. The one, of several, which I have chosen, is that of superfluous strong syllables; such as

"Where's he | that slew | Mercu | tio Ty | -
balt that vill | ain |
When young King | Cophet | ua lov'd | the
beg | gar wench."

Of these I have found fifty-six instances in *Q₁*. Now, Shakespeare never uses an extra syllable except (1) where a glide or apoggiatura is possible, (2) after a pause.

"1. Makes thee | the hap | pler; Hea | vens
deal | so still.

"2. To sleep | in qui | et. || O how | my
heart | abhors."

And the latter of these first appears to any great extent in the recast *All's Well that Ends Well* and in *Measure for Measure* (1603) at the beginning of his *Third Period*. The lines of this play (*Q₁*) cannot be paralleled in any of his works before or after; nor in any other writer before 1600 except Peele. Every one of these instances in *Q₁* is corrected into Shakespearian metre in *Q₂* by omission or recasting. Thus the above lines in *Q₂* run thus:—

- '1. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
2. When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar
maid."

I do not find parallel cases to these in any of the really surreptitious copies, such as *Hamlet Q₁*, *Lear Q₁*, *The Contention*, or *The True Tragedy*. Leaving the metrical evidence, then, not as exhausted (far from that), but to avoid tediousness; the next point is that the revision had been partly carried out in *Q₁*. The merest glance will show this. The first nine scenes in the two quartos are substantially the same in both; the slight differences between them are only such as we find in the differences between the quarto and folio of *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Hamlet* (*Q₂*), with a few omissions of passages for theatrical reasons. The last seven scenes, on the other hand, are so altered that there is scarcely a passage of three lines together that stand alike in the two versions; and large segments are entirely rewritten.¹ The intermediate eight scenes oscillate in character; in some parts they agree with the early scenes in being substantially alike in both versions; in others they have not been rewritten for *Q₁*, but evidently were for *Q₂*. Even the advocates of the theory that I am now opposing are obliged to admit this. They are, in fact, obliged to adopt three separate and scarcely consistent hypotheses. (1) That much of the early part (Acts i. ii.) is the result of carefully taken notes. (2) That much of the latter part (Acts iv. v.) is the result of carelessly taken notes. (3) That some parts (ii. 6; iv. 5; v. 3) are not derived from notes at all, but from an earlier copy, which, in these portions, was rewritten by Shakespeare. They have also to maintain that all these alterations were made, within a year of the original production of the play, by him who scarcely ever blotted a line.

I may here notice the external evidence as to the date of this play. It is proven that it was first acted at the

¹ It is remarkable that the type of *Q₁* and the running title are changed just at this point, at the end of Act ii., Scene 3. Does this indicate that the first revision was stayed here and only occasionally reappears in the rest of the play?

Curtain in 1596,¹ and yet there is a strong presumption that it was written in 1593; for that the earthquake spoken of by the Nurse happening when Juliet was one year old and therefore thirteen years before the date of her speech, would be referred by the audience to the earthquake of 1580, which was so violent in the locality of the Curtain Theatre, can hardly be doubted. Drake has clearly shown this. Malone saw the difficulty of reconciling it with the 1596 date of representation. But if the play was originally written in 1593 by Peele, and passed at his death, in 1595 (t), into the hands of the Chamberlain's men, it is quite intelligible that it should have remained unrevised for a year or so. It is not so easy to understand that Shakespeare, if he wrote in 1593, should not have revised his own play till after its being acted in 1596, and after its being put upon the stage should have been in such a hurry with his alterations. This is unlike his way of work. Perhaps his first production in 1593 may have been hindered by the closing of the theatres on account of the plague; and we know that Shakespeare (whether with L. Strange's or the Chamberlain's company) was "travelling" in 1594.

Another evidence in my favour is only admissible if my theory of *Richard III.* having been partly of Peele's production is granted me. It is of course impossible to do more than allude to it here. It has been proved by Spedding, and confirmed by independent investigations by me that the folio edition of that play is an alteration of the quarto. Now the alterations are exactly of the same character as those in *Romeo and Juliet*. The number of Alexandrines and four feet lines is enormously reduced, and the lines with extra strong syllables are altered so as to replace Peele's usual metre by Shakespeare's. It is also very likely that *Richard III.*

is by the same hand as the bulk of *Henry VI.* (parts 2 and 3), and that this hand was Peele's there can be little doubt. There are also numerous coincidences of language between all these plays in their original shape; I have only space here for one from *Romeo and Juliet* which will indicate their nature; to give them in full is impossible except in an annotated edition.

At the end of ii. 5, Juliet says—

"How doth her latter words revive my heart!"

this and the succeeding lines are replaced, Q₂, by

"Hie to high fortune; honest nurse, farewell."

But in 3 *Hen. VI.*, i., 1, the very words occur,

"How do thy words revive my heart."

The phrase does not occur in any play undoubtedly written by Shakespeare, but it is common in his predecessors.

The numerous repetitions of lines and phrases in different parts of Q₁ only tend to show the same result. These are pointed out by Mr. Daniel, and I need not dwell on them here. As far, then, as these narrow limits will allow, I have indicated proofs that exist that external and internal evidence alike lead us to conclude that the first draft of this play, Q₀, was made about 1593, probably by G. Peele; that after his death it was partially revised by Shakespeare, and produced at the Curtain Theatre in 1596 in the shape that we find it as printed in Q₁; and that he subsequently revised it completely as we read it in Q₂. It has been shown that his name was not attached to it in his lifetime; that the external evidence for his authorship is less than that for other plays of which he is acknowledged to have been only in part originator; that the unrevised parts of Q₁ are unlike his work in metre, style, and general form; that the unlikenesses are of the same character as those in *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.*, and that if Q₁ is a surreptitious copy some theory more satisfactory than any yet pro-

¹ This confirms Mr. Hales in placing *Romeo and Juliet* between *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (1595), and *The Merchant of Venice* (1596) on æsthetic grounds.

pounded must be given to account for its errors being errors of eye, not of ear. It is, I think, impossible to resist these arguments, even in the extent here presented. How much more, then, in their totality, as for instance in the notes of the edition of *Q*, which I prepared in 1874 for the New Shakspeare Society, in which every peculiarity was noted of spelling, metre, and language, and the inference from each pointed out; with illustrations from Peele's acknowledged works.

Assuming, then, for an instant, that this theory is correct, it may be said that it is an ungrateful task to diminish the laurels of our greatest poet even by a leaf; that it is an odious work (however just) to try to bring him nearer on a level with the lower playwrights of his time; that if the "onliness" of Shakespeare is an illusion, we had rather keep the illusion in its beauty than give it up for the truth in its ugliness. The answer to which is, Do right, though the sky fall. But it may yet be worth while to point out that such investigations do not lessen Shakespeare, though they advance other men who have hitherto been far too much neglected. We do not measure his greatness by the extent of his work, but by the height he attained in his best productions. The great tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*, are all his; the great histories, *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, are all his; the great comedies, the *Tempest*, *As you Like It*, the *Merchant of Venice*, are all his; the great tragi-comedy, *Winter's Tale*, is all his. It is in the lesser plays that other men's work has been found; and what men! Had Marlow and Peele lived, Shakespeare would probably not have been the unique phenomenon that he is to us. The hand that painted the death-scene of Faust, at an age when Shakespeare had, at most, given us two or three of his earliest comedies; the ear that first formed for us a perfect medium for dramatic poetry by organising our blank verse in harmonious rhythm; the genius that first saw the capability of historic themes to excite pity and terror in

theatric representation—were extinguished by the ignoble brawl in which Marlow met his death. At that date he was certainly the equal, if not the superior, of Shakespeare. George Peele, also, the author of the *Old Wives' Tale* and *David and Bathsheba*—the only fairy tale and the only scriptural theme that have been treated dramatically with success by the Elizabethans—he whom Greene ranked even above Marlow, whose delicate work, in the portions that have come down to us, is so exquisitely finished—he, too, if he did no more than is commonly attributed to him, was no mean competitor with Shakespeare for supremacy. Shakespeare did not show his greatness till his second period; until he produced his *Merchant of Venice* and his *Henry IV.* he was not recognizable as taller than his brethren by the head and shoulders. And who can say that, had Peele and Marlow lived, they would not have attained an equal height? Of Marlow there can be little doubt that, although he would probably not have been so genial, so human, so comprehensive, he might yet have touched the springs of sorrow and fear as deeply as *Lear* or *Macbeth*. And Peele, if, as I believe, he wrote great part of *Henry VI.*, *Richard III.*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, stood so nearly on an equality with Shakespeare, that their work has been confused and mistaken for two centuries and more. The features of the young giant-race are hard to discriminate; they are all of one family, and their birth-dates are not far asunder. The surviving brother is the greatest, in virtue of his survival, but had they all lived it would have been hard indeed to prognosticate on which brow the highest crown should ultimately have rested. Meanwhile let us try to be just to all, and if any fame is due to the earlier dead, let us not shrink to give it them: even if in doing so we may seem for an instant to be invidious to its former possessor, let our admiration of Shakespeare be freed from silly idolatry and unfair adulation.

June, 1875.

F. G. FLEAY.

THE ANCIENT ORGANISATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

It is only natural that Oxford, abounding as it does in traces of the past, should be a favourite field of archaeological investigation. The interest of the subject, after centuries of labour bestowed upon it, is indeed far from being exhausted. Not only has the mass of antiquarian material collected by the diligence of such men as Wood and Hearne and their worthy successors to be re-examined and treated critically, but much new material, only recently made accessible, has to be collected and utilised.

One topic in particular—some knowledge of which one might suppose would be especially desirable at a time when the University is about once more to be reformed—has by no means received the attention which its intrinsic interest demands. The constitution of the University as an organised body of teachers and learners is far from being generally understood. It is hardly too much to say that the average undergraduate passes through Oxford without any reflection upon the historical significance of its organisation. He looks upon it as a large school for adults, where all sorts of subjects are taught by a rabble of professors and tutors. He perhaps knows that, now and then, while he is on the river or in the cricket-field, these same professors and tutors transact some unintelligible business in the Convocation House, but he finds that none of these things produce much practical effect upon himself. His business is to pass the examinations, with honours if he can, and receive the title of B.A. If the new-made bachelor leaves the university, he looks back upon it only as the large school for adults, where he played cricket and made friends, and obtained the

title of Bachelor, which, after an interval and on payment of a fee, was transmuted into the title of Master, of Arts; but of what "arts" he was made a bachelor, or in what sense he subsequently became a "master" of them, he has no suspicion.

Nearly the same assertions may indeed be made of the graduate who stays at Oxford. Instead of a learner he has become a teacher, and he takes part in the well-intended legislation of the Convocation House, but the University continues to be in his eyes a large, and no doubt very ancient, school, where very promiscuous subjects are taught, and which conducts its business in accordance with a procedure which, knowing nothing of its significance, he regards with but scant respect.

The ordinary fellow and tutor may not be devoid of archaeological tastes; but he finds their sufficient satisfaction in ascertaining how much bread and cheese was allowed *per diem* to the labourers who built the college hall, in collecting materials for biographies of the boys who have sung in the college choir for 300 years past, and pulling down, or as he calls it "restoring," his college chapel. I venture to think that, laudable as these recreations may be, it would be well if some attention were now diverted from the Colleges, the interest of which is after all chiefly local, to the University itself, which besides being older than any of them, is one of a sisterhood of similar institutions which are to be found in every country of Europe, and in most others which have a tincture of European civilisation.

A good book upon the subject of Universities generally has yet to be written, and could only be written

after an examination of a very voluminous and scattered literature. The subject might, however, be dealt with piecemeal. An important work might be produced upon the Natural History of Universities, in which they would be grouped according to affinity of organisation, the affiliation of one to another would be shown, and their bodies of statutes would be traced to a few types of which the rest are copies. Among the smaller questions which would well deserve attention are the relation of Universities to the Papal See, the migration of students from one country to another, and the consequent formation of foreign "nations," the origin of degrees and the nature of the privileges which they conferred, the development of any given department of study, the relation of academical studies to the professions.

Some, at least, of these topics one may hope will eventually be treated of by those who have leisure for such inquiries. We must confine ourselves on the present occasion to the narrower question of the organisation of the University of Oxford; leaving out of consideration how far that organisation is shared by similar bodies elsewhere. Is Oxford, as some persons who should know better really seem to suppose, merely a great school, in which a number of isolated teachers are engaged, each upon his own subject, without reference to the rest? Or is there a plan, and that a grand and historically instructive one, in accordance with which the University not only was, but still is, arranged?

The answer to that question is written in two documents, composed as we now see them at about the same date, but each preserving, with little essential alteration, evidence of a state of things far older than itself. The date is the early part of the seventeenth century, and the two documents are—the Quadrangle of the Schools, and the Corpus Statutorum.

The Schools, begun in 1613, and

finished in 1617, merely embody in a grander pile of buildings arrangements which are older than the sixteenth century.

The Statute Book, completed in 1633 and published by authority in 1636, is an orderly digest, with very slight alteration, of the laws which had been made by the University for its own government during the three previous centuries.

Both the Schools Quadrangle and the Corpus Statutorum preserve for our instruction at the present day the University of the Middle Ages. As it was stereotyped in these two monuments, so has its legal organisation remained substantially to our own day. It is archæologically fortunate that the University legislated very little between the date of the Corpus and that of the Commission of 1852.

I. Now what is the picture of the constitution of the University which is presented to us by the Schools Quadrangle?

To see that picture in its true perspective, one must enter the building by its principal gateway—the gateway by which processions are admitted on state occasions; that is to say, one passes in under the tower which faces towards Hertford College. One then sees right opposite the School of Divinity, enthroned, as it were, as the *mater scientiarum*. On the proper right of the Divinity School is the old School of Medicine; on the proper left is the old School of Law.

These three occupy the west side of the quadrangle. The south and north sides, and the east side, where you are supposed to be stationed, are occupied by the Schools of Metaphysic, Logic, Geometry, and other sciences.

For many years the inscriptions over the doors¹ of several of the schools had become illegible. They have recently been restored by the pious care of a late senior proctor, and now once more enable us to see the image of the University as it presented

¹ As to which see Reg. N. fol. 94, in the archives of the University.

itself to the minds of Oxford men of the early years of the seventeenth century.

The schools were not merely places for holding the disputations which answered the purpose of our present examinations, but also lecture rooms; and a special school was assigned to each of the sciences then taught in the University.

The place of honour was given to the school of divinity, next to that of medicine, thirdly to that of law.

Less honourably placed, but far more numerous, were the schools belonging to the great faculty of arts;¹ i.e. as we may see from the inscriptions over their doorways, schools for each of the seven liberal arts, viz., grammar, rhetoric and logic (the trivium); arithmetic, music, geometry and astronomy (the quadrivium); for the three sciences—metaphysics, moral philosophy and natural philosophy; also for the tongues, viz. Greek and Hebrew; and lastly for history.

Lectures and exercises in divinity, before the erection of the present magnificent building in the fifteenth century, took place in St. Mary's Church, and in various religious houses. There were several schools of physic; and there were numerous schools of law, most of them in the Jews' quarter, near the modern post office. The schools of arts (to the number of thirty-two in 1408) had been mainly in Schools' Street (running between St. Mary's and Brasenose College), till in 1439, the Abbot of Osney, *ad captandum benevolentiam universitatis*, built the block of arts schools which gradually superseded the rest. It contained ten rooms, one for each of the seven arts, and the three sciences. These "new schools," as they were called, stood in front of, and transversely to, the divinity school. They were purchased in 1554 by the University, which in 1557 placed appropriate inscriptions over the door of

each school: over that of grammar, *litteras doce*; of dialectics, *imposturas fuge*; of rhetoric, *persuadent mores*; of arithmetic, *numeris omnia constant*; of music, *ne tibi dissideas*; of geometry, *cura quæ domi sunt*; of astrology, *altiora ne quasieris*.²

It is to be observed that though these arts-schools were pulled down in order to complete the quadrangle of which Bodley's library formed the western side, their arrangements were substantially reproduced in the grander edifice which rose in their place.³

II. Much may be readily inferred as to the character of the University from the arrangement of this venerable building; but for more articulate information we must turn from its dumb walls to the pages of the *Corpus Statutorum*. Many interesting matters are touched upon in that curious volume;⁴ but our attention must be confined to what concerns the distribution of studies, and the organisation of the teaching, which is also the governing body of the University.

The studies of the place, and the degrees which attest capacity to teach, are distributed into the five faculties of theology, medicine, law, arts, and music. The precedence of those qualified to teach in each of those faculties is minutely regulated in accordance with a scale which had not been acquiesced in without debates extending over centuries, and sometimes determined only by the interposition of the king.

The duties of the teachers of each subject, and the studies qualifying for the position of teacher—in other words, for the attainment of a degree, are prescribed with great minuteness.

² German Traveller in Gutch's Wood, iii. p. 764.

³ Let us hope that the old traditions may not be entirely lost sight of in the structure which is now rising from its foundations in the High Street.

⁴ Which its compilers admit to be expressed in a style *horrida, implexa et barbaris et solacismis scatens*. For the history of its compilation see its preface and A. Wood.

¹ *Schole Facultatis Artium. Stat. Tit. vi. § 3.*

At a time previous to the compilation of the *Corpus*, but of which abundant traces remain in it, all graduates became teachers, and they were the only teachers recognised by the University. The degree of Master or Doctor implied a fitness to teach the subject in which the Master or Doctor had graduated, and the formula by which the degree was conferred was in effect a license to teach that subject, or, as the phrase ran, to read, or lecture upon it (*legere*).¹

The degrees of Doctor of theology, medicine, or civil law, need no further explanation. The meaning of degrees in arts is, however, not so obvious. A master in the faculty of arts was one whose right and duty it was to teach "the three philosophies" (natural, moral, and metaphysical), and "the seven liberal arts" (grammar, logic, philosophy; arithmetic, geometry, music, astronomy) — to which subjects were later added certain languages and history.² Minor degrees were sometimes granted in one or other of the studies which went to make up the full arts curriculum; e.g. in music, which has thus survived to the present day as a sub-faculty; in grammar and rhetoric;³ and in logic, proficients in which became *sophistæ generales*.

Newly-made M.A.'s, like all other graduates, were obliged to teach their subject, *regere scholas*, for two years, during which time they were therefore described as "necessary regents." Afterwards they might teach or not as they pleased, and were accordingly described as *regentes ad placitum*. An elaborate scheme may be found in the older statutes for distributing the

seven liberal arts among the M.A.'s of the year.⁴ Under this system all graduates became *ipso facto* professors in their respective faculties, and the terms master doctor and professor were synonymous, as is testified to the present day by monumental inscriptions which describe a Doctor of Divinity, as S.T.P., Sanctæ Theologiæ Professor.

We find in the *Corpus* the transition from this state of things to a delegation of the teaching office to specially appointed professors.

All this is clear from the fourth title of the statute book, *De Lectoribus Publicis*, which begins by reciting that "it is the duty, by ancient and unabrogated custom, of the regent masters to lecture upon and teach in the public schools all the faculties or sciences in which they have graduated, in pursuance of the forms used at graduation." Then comes a recital, that "in certain sciences and faculties, public readers have been provided with liberal stipends by the special munificence of certain benefactors, with the sanction of the university, but the rest of the faculties and sciences remain without endowed teachers." And then the statute provides that (till endowments shall come in) due provision shall be made for the teaching of grammar, rhetoric, logic, and metaphysics by prelectors to be appointed for two years by the colleges which supply the proctors of the current and next ensuing year. A part of their stipend is to be borne by a tax of two shillings on all inceptors, *quibus antiquitus ordinariæ legendi onus incubuit*.

The next section goes through the public readers of the University in order, beginning at the bottom of the faculty of arts, and mounting upwards to the top of the highest faculty—that of divinity. The list is as follows. It contains, of course, only such studies or chairs as were recognised at the

¹ See Tit. ix. § 7, e.g. for the degree of B.A. the formula was: "Ego admitto Te ad Lectionem cujuslibet libri Aristotelis et insuper earum artium quas et quatenus per Statuta audivisse teneris."

² Stat. ix. § 6, p. 99 Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldee were ordered to be taught by a Bull of Clement V., in 1311.

³ One R. Whittington describes himself upon a title-page, in 1513, as "Grammatices Magister in Acad. Oxon. Laureatus."

⁴ Ainstie, *Monumenta Academica*, p. 272 (anno. 1420).

date of the publication of the *Corpus* in 1636 :—

FACULTY OF ARTS.

The Trivium.

Grammar.
Rhetoric.
Logic.
Philosophy, Moral (White 1621).

The Quadrivium.

Arithmetic) (Saville 1619).
Geometry)
Astronomy (Saville 1619).
Music . . . (Heyther 1626).
Philosophy, Natural (Sedley 1621).
Philosophy, Metaphysical.
History (Camden 1622).
Greek (H. viii.)
Hebrew (H. viii.)

FACULTY OF LAW.

Civil Law (H. viii.)¹

MEDICINE.

Anatomy (Tomlins 1624).

Medicine (H. viii.)

THEOLOGY.

Margaret (1502).

Regius (H. viii.)

It should be remarked that in this list a new study at once finds its proper place ; e.g. the anatomy chair, which was not founded till 1624, is, as a matter of course, ranked with, but in subordination to, the chair of medicine. More recent editors of the Statute Book having failed to grasp the method of the University, leave the older chairs properly arranged as they stood in the Laudian Code, but put down professorships subsequently founded merely in order of date, without reference to subject.² The order of the grouping of studies having become thus confused, it is perhaps not surprising that the notion of there being any proper order has been very much lost sight of. The result has been :—1. That chairs are entered in almanacs or calendars either alphabetically, or according to the dates of their foundation. 2. That when an attempt was recently made to group the lecture notices of the teachers of the several branches of knowledge in the University Gazette, those who

are responsible for the arrangement seem to have been unconscious that the principles by which they ought to be guided had been established centuries ago, and are clearly deducible from still binding statutes.

This is, I think, to be regretted, not only because the method of late casually followed is practically inconvenient, but also because it obscures the organisation of the University, and thus tends to efface the distinction between a University and other institutions for the furtherance of adult education.

Just as the teachers of the Universities were, and still are, statutorily organised in faculties, so were and are the learners.

The ordinary Undergraduate, if described by his full title, would be called "scholaris in facultate artium." The Bachelor of Arts, or person otherwise qualified, who wishes to commence the study of medicine, law, or divinity, is a "scholaris" or "studiosus" in these faculties. Till a few years ago he might have been formally admitted to the status of student of law or medicine.

According to the system of which the *Corpus Statutorum* presents us with the picture, every scholar was bound to attend lectures in his proper faculty, besides performing exercises in the school assigned to it.

A scholar of the Faculty of Arts spent four years in hearing lectures, always at 8 A.M.

During his first year—on rhetoric (on Mondays and Thursdays) ; on grammar (on Tuesdays and Fridays).

His second year was devoted in the same way to dialectic and moral philosophy.

In his third and fourth years, during which he was a "sophista generalis," his eight o'clock lectures were on Mondays and Thursdays on dialectic, on Tuesdays and Fridays on moral philosophy ; and on Wednesdays and Saturdays on geometry. On the last mentioned days he had also an afternoon lecture on Greek.

A Bachelor of Arts must work three

¹ The Faculty of the Canon Law had been suppressed in 1535.

² See Stat., Ap. p. 46.

years more to become a Master. During the first of which his lectures were in the morning on metaphysics and geometry, in the afternoon on history, Greek, and Hebrew. During his second and third years he heard astronomy, metaphysics and natural philosophy in the morning; history, Hebrew and Greek in the afternoon.¹

The intention was that he should have studied, and be fit to teach, the seven arts, the three philosophies, the tongues and history: all the elements of a liberal education even as conceived of at the present day. He could then be presented in congregation to the Vice-Chancellor, who would, in the form of words still in use, grant him a licence *incipiendi in artibus*, i.e. of commencing to teach. He could not actually incept till the next Comitia, held always at the beginning of July,² after which he would be admitted to sit in congregation and "regere scholas."

The student, who, after completing his more general studies, proceeded in law, medicine, or divinity, passed through the same stages of hearing lectures, presentation, inceptio, and admission to regency.

We have seen that both in the Schools Quadrangle and in the *Corpus Statutorum*, there is ample testimony to the organisation of the University as a body of teachers and learners. The building, eloquent of itself, becomes still more instructive if we mentally people it, as we learn from the statute-book that it was annually peopled at the time of the Comitia or Act.

The inconvenience, says the statute,³ of the solemn inceptions in the different faculties taking place at different times, had caused the University to set apart one day in the year for them, namely the first Monday after the 7th of July.⁴

¹ The fine for missing a lecture in arts was 2d.; history or Greek, 4d.; in the three Superior Faculties, 6d.—Tit. v. § 4.

² Since 1868 the graduates of each term are considered to have incepted as soon as it has come to an end (Stat., Add. p. 76).

³ Tit. vii. § 1.

⁴ The day was altered in 1808 to the first Tuesday in July.

The Saturday preceding was to be that of the "Vesperie."

The proceedings on Saturday were, "in accordance with old custom," as follows:—All the "Prælectores in Artibus," after service at 8 a.m. in the north chapel of St. Mary's, marched in procession to the schools, preceded by their Bedells.⁵ Each Prælector entered the school assigned to his particular subject and began to lecture.

In the course of the morning the professors in the other faculties were also to lecture, each in his own school. In the meantime all the inceptors (i.e. candidates for the full degree) were to go round to the various schools and, by the mouth of the Bedells, request the professors to take part in the Vesperie and Comitia. The candidates in medicine and law and divinity were also to ask the blessing of their respective professors.

In the afternoon there were solemn disputations; by the "artists" in St. Mary's, by candidates in law, medicine, and divinity, in their several schools. In the evening the senior inceptor in each faculty gave a supper to the rest.

On Sunday, two University sermons. On Monday, the small bell of St. Mary's summoned the inceptors, headed by their respective Bedells, to a service in the eastern chapel, after which the comital exercises took place in the nave,⁶ where we must suppose the Vice-Chancellor seated at the east end, below him the Regius Professor of Divinity with his inceptors. On their right (the north side of the church) sat the Professor of Medicine, and on their left (the south side of the church) the Professor of Law, each with his flock of inceptors. The Musical Professor and his candidates were in the gallery, *juxta organa pneumatica*, while the two

⁵ Till 1870, when their number was reduced to four, there were six Bedells, viz., two of theology, two of law, two of medicine and arts jointly. Their maces bear inscriptions appropriate to their respective faculties.—*Corpus*, p. 174.

⁶ They were transferred to the theatre in 1667.

proctors, with the crowd of inceptors in arts, occupied *suggesta* at the west end of the church. The relative grouping of the faculties is, it will be observed, precisely the same as that still to be seen in the quadrangle of the schools.

Then began the disputations, on questions previously approved by congregation.¹ First the disputations in arts, under the direction of the senior proctor, who, so far as regards this part of the proceedings, is *pater comitiarum*, and admits the candidates to incept, "*tradendo librum, imponendo pileum, impertiendo osculum.*"

Then came the musical performances, and the admission of Doctors in Music by the professor.

Then "*monitu procuratorum*" followed in succession the disputations in medicine, law, and theology, after which the candidates in each of these faculties were admitted to incept by their respective Regius Professors; who in each case handed a book to the new-made doctor, placed a cap on his head, and a ring on his finger, and kissed him. Then the Vice-Chancellor made a speech on the events of the year, and the assemblage moved off into the Congregation House, where the new graduates were admitted to regency.

The quaint ceremonial just described is now no more to be seen, for the act is a mere formality which takes place when Oxford men are more likely to be found at Chamouni than in the High Street; but the organisation of the University to which it gave a vivid expression is, though sometimes lost sight of, its statutory organisation still.

The great faculty of arts is the foundation of the whole. It comprises, now as formerly, all those studies which from time to time are thought fit to be parts of systematic general culture. Those persons, and those only, who have acquired a sufficiency of this general culture are allowed to

enter one of the three professional faculties, and superadd to their previous acquirements the knowledge of the professional sciences of law, medicine, or divinity.

The imperfect faculty of music, a degree in which gives no vote in convocation, is the only surviving instance of a sub-faculty granting degrees for proficiency in one only of the liberal arts, proficiency in all of which was required for the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts.

The statutory organisation of the University is worth attention for two reasons.

The first is a sentimental one. It is surely undesirable that any changes which may be made in the constitution of Oxford should be so made as to dissociate us unnecessarily with our own past history or with the other universities of Europe. It has been shown that the system of the faculties is the predominant idea of our own statute book. It is predominant as a matter of fact in every continental university at the present day. Nowhere does one enter a university building, whether at Leyden, Heidelberg, or Bologna, without seeing four black boards for notices relating to the respective faculties of divinity, medicine, law, and philosophy. Nowhere does one take up a lecture-sheet or calendar which is not arranged in accordance with the same division.

Now, while mere antiquarianism should not stand in the way of such a well-considered development of the University as may be demanded by changed circumstances; and while no one would wish to revive those tedious and superfluous formalities which have been dispensed with as unsuited to a busy age like the present, there can be no reason for any such violent break in the continuity of our academical history, as would be immediately resented in a question of architecture.

Llandaff cathedral having become ruinous, the authorities of the day repaired its shattered nave into the

¹ Tit. vii. § 2. They must be conducted *memoriter*, or will be at once stopped by the proctors.

similitude of a Greek temple. The proceedings of some would-be university improvers are scarcely less shocking. Such a one *diruit ædificat*, or would like to be allowed to do so, intent upon some petty improvement, and careless, indeed wholly ignorant, of the havoc which he may be making in a structure, the proportions of which are in their way no less beautiful and significant than those of a mediæval abbey.

The second reason is a practical one.

It may be supposed that the classification which, in so many different countries, has stood the wear of so many centuries, gives a just view of the relations of the branches of knowledge.

The distinction between general culture and professional education is no artificial one, and the learned professions will probably continue to be divinity, law, and medicine.

The impatience to begin professional life is now so great that it has been thought desirable to permit the study of the more general parts of such subjects as law and divinity as an alternative mode of completing the course in arts; and the range of general culture is now so wide that the arts graduate can no longer be expected to have made some acquaintance with the whole of it. University reformers would, however, do well to learn, before attempting to deal with the course in arts, what was the list of topics originally comprised in it, and how that list has been gradually modified both at Oxford and in other Universities.

The original list, it is to be remembered, comprised—

The *Trivium*, or literary arts, with the two "philosophies," moral and metaphysical, and the "tongues."

The *Quadrivium*, or mathematical arts, with natural philosophy.

The whole of these philosophies and arts were included in the original course of general culture; the graduate in which is with us a "Master of Arts," or, according to the fuller expression used in some continental universities, *Doctor Philosophiæ et magister liberalium artium*.

We find traces in the examination statutes of the first year of the present century of the examiners being allowed, at their discretion, to test the candidate in some only of the matters with which he is supposed to be acquainted, viz. for the degree of B.A., in Grammar, Rhetoric, Dialectic, Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, and the Elements of Physics; for the degree of M.A., in Mathematics, Physics, Metaphysics, History, and Hebrew. "*Nihil enim triste aut asperum molimur.*"

In 1807 the subjects of examination were divided into two groups, viz., *literæ humaniores* and *scientiæ mathematicæ et physicæ*. The distinction between the two great departments of study—man and nature—which is traceable in the difference between the old *trivium* and *quadrivium*, has long been recognised in France by the granting of distinct degrees in "letters" and in "science," and several German Universities have formally divided the philosophical, or arts, faculty into a faculty of philosophy proper, and a faculty of mathematical and natural science. The same course has been adopted in the University of London. It may be hoped that those who will have to discuss the propriety of introducing similar changes into the two older English Universities will bring to the task not only some acquaintance with the development of Universities generally, but also some knowledge of and respect for the historical constitution of Oxford and Cambridge in particular.

T. E. HOLLAND.

THE STORY OF FLAMENCA.

THE north of France was the birth country and chief seat of epic poetry in the middle ages. The *chanson de geste*, the *roman*, the *fabliau*, frequently bear witness to a consummate grace of narrative diction. Even the lyrical effusions of the *trouvère* not seldom take the form of the monologue or dialogue. The poet loves to hide his personality under the mask of a fictitious character. Sometimes he is the maiden longing for love and spring, who from the seclusion of her cloister raises her voice against the robbers of her liberty: "Malois soit de deu ki me fist nonnete;" sometimes, like Rutebœuf, he listens to the vulgar quarrels of "Charlie and the barber," or, like Charles d'Orleans the sweet *chansonier* in French and English, holds converse with:

" . . . l'amoureuse déesse,
Qui m'apela, demandant ou j'aloie."

The narrative and dramatic instincts of modern French writers are distinctly manifest in their mediæval *confrères*.

It is different with the troubadour, the poet of southern France. He is the lyrical singer *par excellence*, speaking in his own undisguised person and of his own subjective passion. Hence the truth and intensity, but hence also the monotonous and conventional phraseology of passion alternately characteristic of the Provençal love song. But the narrative instinct was not entirely wanting in the poets of the *langue d'oc*. The great wave of epic song which kept continually crossing the Channel from the Celt to the French-Norman, and back again to the Saxon and Anglo-Norman, left its flotsam on the shores of Southern France. Neither did the half-mythical glory of Charlemagne and his peers fail to impress the imagination of the

chivalrous troubadours. We possess, or at least know of, the existence of Provençal epics from both the Carolingian and Arthurian circles. Although comparatively small in number and importance, these deserve a passing mention.

The epic poetry of southern, like that, and on the same principles as that, of northern France, may be broadly divided into the popular and the artistic or individual narrative. The two classes differ as widely as possible both as regards metrical form and poetical treatment. The popular epic was sung or chanted to a monotonous tune, the artistic was recited. The former uses frequently the assonance (identity of vowels, but difference of consonants), in strophes or tirades of varying length: the latter exclusively rhyme in couplets. The popular epic poet is fond of introducing standing formulas and epithets, and the recurrence of similar situations or motives is marked by the naive repetition of the identical phrase. The poet himself disappears behind his work; he is nothing but the mouthpiece of popular feeling and tradition. Different from this, the artistic poet takes individual part in his work. He groups his material with conscious study of narrative effect, frequently adds new inventions to the legend he treats, and is fond of interrupting the narrative by reflections of his own, moral or otherwise, as the case may be.

Of the popular epic, very few specimens remain, and of these few, one at least, the *Ferabras*, seems a translation from the North-French. The only representative poem of the class is the old Provençal epic, *Girart de Rossilho*, a splendid example of early mediæval spirit, crude in sentiment and diction, coarse and irregular in its metrical

structure, but powerful and of sterling quality, like the hero it celebrates. Like the *Chanson de Roland*, the representative epic of northern France, *Girart de Rossilho* belongs to the Carolingian circle of legendary lore. But there is a considerable difference between the two poems as regards the conception of the Carolingian idea, if that modern term may be allowed. The older French poem shows the great Emperor in full possession of his power, and surrounded by his loyal peers. The younger Provençal epic reflects the revolutionary spirit of the great vassals under the weak descendants of the great Charles. Its hero, indeed, Girart of Rossilho, is the head of these rebellious barons, and his brave deeds in the wars with his feudal lord are held up to admiration, while on the other hand the Emperor Charles Martel (evidently a mistake on the part of the minstrel for Charles the Bald, correctly reintroduced in a later French version) is made the embodiment of meanness and treachery. After perusing Girart's exploits—some of them of a rather doubtful character, according to our notions—it is satisfactory to know that he at least departed life with a clean bill of morality. The author himself seems to feel somewhat uneasy on the subject. "But," he argues, "if Girart did great evil at first, he made full and speedy compensation at last, for he did great penance in a cloister, which he himself built beautifully and at great cost." There he is said to have supported, amongst other pious personages, "one hundred maidens." "And the priests," the manuscript continues, "do nothing but pray God for him and the Lady Bertha, his wife. And he gave them a thousand marks, free of taxes; and one can see well that he means to go there." Thus Holy Church was the gainer, and having, as Mephistopheles says, "a good stomach, able to digest ill-gotten pelf," she may, for all we know, have long rejoiced in the prosperity of the holy damsels. Whether Girart actually entered his pious in-

stitution, the manuscript does not say; but such a close of such a career was by no means rare in the middle ages.

The remains of the artistic epic, although scanty, are more numerous than those of popular origin. They were held in greater estimation, and therefore naturally stood a better chance of being saved from oblivion. Moreover, the fact of their being recited without the aid of music made the reference to a written text more desirable than was the case with the popular tales, which were chanted to popular tunes, and for the sole enjoyment of popular and uncritical audiences, not likely to resent arbitrary variations or slips of memory. Amongst courtly productions might be named the celebrated *Roman de Jauffre*, describing his love affair with the beautiful Brunese, and other adventures; also the story of Guillem de la Bar, not long ago made public by M. Paul Meyer from the sole manuscript in the possession of the Marquis de la Grange. The author of the latter poem is Arnaut Vidal, remarkable as the first winner of the golden violet at the "Jeux Floraux" of Toulouse, the prize being justly awarded to him for a sweet song in praise of the Virgin, still extant.

But all these attempts are thrown into the shade by a work which, quite apart from its philological and literary interest, is invaluable to the student of mediæval manners and customs. This is *Flamenca*, a narrative poem in octosyllabic couplets, dating, most likely, from the first half of the 13th century. Copious extracts, and an analysis of the work, have been given by Raynouard, in the first volume of his *Lexique Roman*, and the whole has since been edited from the only manuscript in existence, at Carcassonne, by M. Paul Meyer, who has added a translation into modern French (Paris, 1865). Unfortunately, the beginning and the end of the poem are missing, and with the former the name of the author, frequently mentioned in the introductory lines of

mediaeval romances, has most probably been lost. It is therefore to an anonymous entity alone that we are able to concede the attributes of a scholar well versed in antique and contemporary literature, of a man of the world, who knew the manners and morals of society, and of a poet of genius.

The technical Provençal name of a poem like *Flamenca* would be *nova*, and, with a slight variation of the final syllable, the word will serve the same turn in our language. For *Flamenca* in all essential points answers to our definition of novel. It is a picture of contemporary society in the same sense, and quite as close, as are *Tom Jones* or *Vanity Fair*. From the popular epic it naturally differs as widely as can be imagined, but, even with the artistic romances of the same period, it has little in common. These latter depend for their interest chiefly on a number of adventures more or less loosely strung together. In *Flamenca* there is a plot, in our modern sense, artistically worked up to a climax and illumined by cleverly-drawn characters and psychological observations. It is indeed evidently the author's intention to delineate, and point out the evil consequences of, certain psychological phenomena, and in this respect *Flamenca* might indeed almost be described as a "novel with a purpose," the "purpose" leading the poet much beyond the limits of probability and narrative economy, as "purposes" are apt to do. The plot of *Flamenca*, moreover, is evidently a pure invention, while the authors of ordinary chivalrous romances always rely more or less on legendary sources.

Flamenca, the lovely daughter of Count Gui de Nemours, is wooed by the King of Hungary and by Lord Archimbaut, Count of Bourbon. Her father prefers the latter suitor, who is said to be one of the best and most valorous knights in the world, an important circumstance which the reader is asked to remember. Count Archim-

baut, on being told of the decision in his favour, makes preparation on the grandest scale to visit his bride, whom he has never seen, but of whom the descriptions of her beauty given by his messengers have deeply enamoured him. The festivities arranged for his reception at the Court of Nemours are described at some length, and give the poet an opportunity of deploring the decay of liberality, of courtesy, of love, and of chivalry amongst the great nobles of his time, a complaint frequently met with in the works of the late troubadours.

Early on a Sunday morning Count Archimbaut is introduced by her father to Flamenca, who, like a well-educated young lady, "did not pretend to be doleful, but was a little shamefaced." "Here is your bride," Count Gui says; "take her if you like." "Sir," answers the bridegroom, "if she does not gainsay it, I never was so willing to take anything in my life." Then the lady smiled, and "Sir," she said, "one can see that you hold me in your power as you give me away so easily, but as it is your will, I consent." This "I consent" throws Archimbaut into a transport of joy, and he presses her hand passionately. But here the interview ends. The gentlemen retire, Archimbaut taking leave of her with his eyes at the door, while Flamenca "did not show pride, but gave him good countenance, frequently saying, 'God be with you!'"

What can be prettier than this quaint picture of mediæval wooing, and what more magnificent than the wedding ceremony performed in the presence and with the assistance of five Bishops and ten Abbots, and lasting much too long for the impatience of Archimbaut "for it was past the sixth hour (noon) before he had married her"? At the banquet the bridegroom and the father of the bride have to wait at table according to ancient custom, but the eyes of the former always go where his heart is, and invariably he curses the appetite

of the guests and the long-winded songs of the joglars. After nine days' feasting he hurries home to prepare his house for his bride. All this looks auspicious enough for the happiness of the couple. But this bright beginning is but a clever trick on the narrator's part to show in its darkest dye the monstrous vice which turns brightness itself into night. This vice is jealousy.

The king of France himself, to do honour to his trusty baron Gui of Nemours, escorts his daughter to her husband, and attends with his wife and his court the festivities arranged by Archimbaut to celebrate the occurrence. At the tournament which takes place, the king carries on the point of his lance, by way of *gage d'amour*, the sleeve of a lady's dress. "I don't know whose it was," the poet adds diplomatically. The queen's jealousy suggests Flamenca, and she loses no time to impart her suspicion to Archimbaut, who immediately takes fire at the thought. He keeps his countenance while his guests are present, but inwardly he feels sad and tormented by "a burning sickness, called jealousy." "What was I thinking of," he frequently says to himself, "when I took a wife? God! I was mad. Was I not well off and happy before? Evil befall my parents for having counselled me to take what did never good to any man." The symptoms of the "burning sickness" are described with graphic vivacity. Archimbaut shuts himself up; in every visitor he suspects a suitor of his wife; he pretends to be very busy, and adds in a whispered aside, "I should like to kick you out headforemost." He then calls to his servants for water to wash for dinner, in order to make people go, and if this does not avail he will say, "Dear sir, will you have dinner with us, for it is time! I hope you will; there will be a good opportunity for flirting," looking all the while like a dog who shows his teeth.

So far so good; but we can hardly believe that a noble and gallant knight should lose all sense of decency so

entirely as to go about unwashed and unshaven, letting his beard grow long and matted "like a badly-made sheaf of oats," except in places where he had torn out the hair and stuffed it in his mouth. The poet here decidedly makes a concession to his courtly audience, who naturally were delighted to hear a jealous husband likened to a "mad dog." At last Archimbaut resolves to keep his wife a close prisoner in a tower, and "may I be hanged by the throat," he says, "if ever she go out without me, even to church to hear mass, and that only on high feast days." So poor Flamenca is shut up in the tower with only two devoted maidens, Alice and Margarida, to comfort her in her misery. And here the poet takes the opportunity of indulging in a psychological excursion which one would expect in Feydeau or the younger Dumas, rather than in a *romancier* of the thirteenth century. As she could not love her husband, and had no child to be fond of, he suggests, it was a blessing—or, as he puts it, "a great favour of God"—for Flamenca that the feeling of love entirely ceased in her for a season. For if she still had had love in her heart with no object to centre it upon, her condition would have been infinitely more unhappy.

But Flamenca's fate is not to last, nor are Archimbaut's misdeeds to be left unpunished for ever. The avenger is nigh. He takes the form of a perfect beau of the period, described by the poet in the most glowing colours; with his riches, his valour, his courteous demeanour, his love of poetry and song, his scholarship—for he has gone through his *trivium* and *quadrivium* at the University of Paris—and last, not least, his beauty, down to the whiteness of his skin and the very shape of his mouth and ears. Guillem de Nevers, for such is his name, hears of Archimbaut's jealous atrocities, which have become the butt of all the gay troubadours of the country, and at once resolves to com-

fort the lady and punish the monster. The question is how to baffle the watchfulness of this Argus and Cerberus combined. The manner in which this question is solved is a marvel of ingenuity.

The first and greatest difficulty is to establish communication with the imprisoned lady. The tower is watched against any possibility of approach, and she never leaves it except to go to church. The church, therefore, must be the scene of operation.

Guillem de Nevers ingratiates himself with the priest, who accepts him as his clerk, and in this disguise the lover succeeds in entering the private pew, from which, thickly veiled and concealed by a trellis work, Flamenca is allowed to attend mass. When the clerk approaches the lady to let her kiss the mass book, according to sacred rite, she is struck with his beauty, and still more astonished when, instead of a sacred formula, he breathes a suggestive *ailas* (alas)! More than these two syllables he dare not utter in the presence of the watchful Archimbaumt. Flamenca on her return home begins to muse on the strange behaviour of the clerk. At first she feels almost aggrieved at his exclamation. What right has he, she says, to be miserable? he is strong, and free, and happy. May be he is mocking my own suffering. And why should he be so cruel as to add to my grief? Tears and sighs are my lot. A slave compelled to carry wood and water is enviable compared with me. "My fate could not be worse, if I had a rival and a mother-in-law." But her two maidens know better. With the sagacity of their class, they at once fathom the mystery. "Your beauty," Margarida suggests, "has ravished his heart, and as he has no other way of speaking to you, he has exposed himself to great peril to let you know the state of his feelings."

An answer has now to be thought of, and the united wisdom of the three fair conspirators decides upon the query "*que plans?*" (what is your

complaint?) and these two syllables, softly whispered, gladden the heart of Guillem on the ensuing Sunday. His immoderate rapture on seeing his passion noticed by its fair object gives rise to a remark on the part of the poet which strangely foreshadows the celebrated dying speech of Cardinal Wolsey. "If Guillem," the passage runs literally, "had served God as he served Love and his lady, he would have been the lord of Paradise."

Flamenca on her part is most anxious to be certain that her frightened whisper has been understood, and the poet describes with masterly touches a charming scene in the lady's closet, when Alice has to take a book—it is the romance of *Blanchefleur*—and hold it exactly in the position and at the distance that Guillem has presented the missal. The lady then bending over the pages whispers the two syllables, and inquires whether she has been heard, which question the obliging maiden answers with an "Oh, certainly, madam, if you have spoken in such a tone he must have understood you."

In this matter the lovers continue to correspond, a week elapsing between each question and answer, unless a devoutly wished-for saint's day shortens the interval. A lover who for months feeds his passion on disyllables sweetened only by an occasional lifting of Flamenca's veil or a surreptitious touch of her fingers, deserves at any rate the praise of constancy. Does the reader care to hear the dialogue in which this extraordinary intrigue is carried on? Here is the series of questions and answers, divided it must be remembered by an interval of several days and exchanged under the very eyes of the jealous husband, who mistakes for pious mutterings of the Catholic ritual, what in reality is offered at a very different shrine.

"*Guillem* (in answer to Flamenca's question above cited). *Muer mi* (I die).

Flamenca. *De qui* (of what)?

G. *D'amor* (of love).

- F.* Per cui (for whom) ?
G. Per vos (for you).
F. Quen puec (how can I help it) ?
G. Garir (heal me).
F. Consi (how) ?
G. Per gein (by subtle craft).
F. Pren li (use it).
G. Pres l'ai (I have).
F. E cal (what craft) ?
G. Iretz (you must go).
F. Es on (where to) ?
G. Als banz (to the baths).

This requires a word of explanation. Bourbon in Auvergne, the seat of Count Archimbaut, was then, as it is now, a well known spa, of the arrangements of which the author gives rather a curious description. "Here," he says, "every one, stranger or native, can bathe in excellent fashion. In each bath you can see written up for what malady it is good. No lame or gouty person would come there but he would go away quite cured provided he stopped long enough. Here one can bathe when he likes, provided he have come to terms with the landlord who lets the bath. And in each of the cells there is to be found boiling water and in another part cold. . . . Rooms are connected with these baths where people can lie down and rest, and refresh themselves as they like." There is also a capital portrait of the typical lodging-house keeper, who—wonderful touch of nature which makes Margate and Bourbon akin—recommends a particular apartment, "because Count Raoul takes it every time he comes to Bourbon."

With this worthy and his wife, Dame Bellepille, Guillem has made himself exceedingly popular. He has paid his bills without haggling, has dined at their table and taken *absinthe* (*de bon aluiane*) with the husband. At last he has persuaded the couple to decamp for a season, and leave him in sole possession of their house,—for a consideration it need hardly be added. This house, he has had connected by a subterraneous passage with one of the bathing cells, and to the latter Flamenca is summoned by the mysterious phrase alluded to. The lady

understands the hint, and at once takes the necessary measures for carrying out the scheme. She feigns sleeplessness and pain, nothing but a bath can cure her. Archimbaut, anxious for her safety, gives his consent, and himself conducts her to the arms of her expectant lover, who receives her with knightly courtesy, and leads her together with her two faithful damsels through his subterraneous passage to a room splendidly adorned to receive such a visitor. The jealous husband in the meantime keeps watch before the door of the bath-room, with the key in his pocket, while the careful damsels have not forgotten to bolt the door inside.

Such is the just and inevitable punishment of jealousy according to the doctrine of the troubadours. But strange enough this punishment, although ignored by himself, ultimately works Archimbaut's cure. He notices the change in his wife's manner; she shows no affection for him, and even neglects the ordinary forms of politeness. At last he gets tired of his suspicions, and accepts a compromise proposed by his ill-treated wife, to the effect that the lady is to be restored to liberty on her own solemn promise of faithfulness to her husband. And here, I fear, that poor Flamenca will forfeit the claim to the reader's lenient sympathy, to which the cruelty of her husband has hitherto entitled her. With a virtuosity of mental reservations worthy of any Jesuit she swears by all the saints, and in the presence of her inwardly chuckling damsels, that "henceforth I will guard myself quite as well as you (Archimbaut) have hitherto guarded me." On this happy turn in her affairs the lady takes leave of her lover for a season. He must resume his rank and add to his fame by new deeds of valour. But she agrees to see him again at a tournament which Archimbaut proposes to hold in celebration of his happy recovery. In answer to his lady's command Guillem goes to the war and makes the country ring with his

prowess. Archimbaut becomes acquainted with him, and eagerly invites him to attend at his feast where he himself introduces the valorous and renowned young knight to his wife. The lovers keep their countenance and greet each other in distant politeness, but in secret they meet again and renew their bliss. At the tournament Guillem carries all before him, but second to him alone shines Archimbaut, who has become again the valorous and accomplished knight he was before the fell disease attacked him. In the midst of their joustings and feasting the manuscript breaks off evidently not long before the end of the poem.

Such is the story of *Flamenca*. Its moral tone is certainly not high, although not worse than that of the typical French novel. But few modern writers could successfully compete with the natural grace and perfect workmanship of the mediæval poet.

The plot too, although simple, is well constructed, and the story develops itself rapidly and consistently. The characters, moreover, are drawn with consummate skill. They are both types and individuals, a criterion of high-art creation. It is true that the effects of jealousy on Archimbaut are exaggerated to the verge of caricature; the poet here bowed to the prejudice of his time. At the same time the minutest symptoms of the disease are laid bare with an astounding acuteness of psychological diagnosis. But more than all this, there is true passion in the work in spite of occasional concessions to the allegorical and hyperbolical tendencies of romantic feeling. And the whole is transfused with the splendour of southern sunshine—with the joy, and life, and love of beautiful Provence.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

THE ITALIAN DRAMA.¹

IV.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY DURING THE
SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH
CENTURIES; SCIPIONE MAFFEI
AND ALFIERI.

A.D. 1600—1800.

"The verse adorn again,
Pierce War and faithful Love,
And Truth severe by Fairy Fiction drest.
In buskined measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing
breast."

GRAY, *The Bard*.

THE consideration of the melodrama, in the attractive form presented to us by Metastasio, has caused us to pass by, for the time, those dramatists who laboured during the seventeenth century to restore the legitimate drama to the position whence it had been driven by its more fascinating sister. Martelli, Scipione Maffei, and Conti form the connecting links between the *Teatro Italiano* and the great dramatic poets of the eighteenth century. Upon them, as forerunners of Alfieri, Monti, and Goldoni, devolved the arduous task of reasserting the claims of tragedy and comedy on the public attention. It was no easy matter to contend with the prevailing preference for the musical dramas; a preference so marked that the great public theatres—the "Aliberti" of Rome, the "San Petronio" of Bologna, the "San Carlo" of Naples, and the "Fenice" of Venice—were appropriated to their sole use. The actors were in the pay and formed part of the establishment of the respective Courts, while the ordinary tragedies and comedies were excluded from the royal stages, and driven back on the minor theatres of the cities. They were performed by strolling players,

¹ Continued from October, 1876.

who wandered from city to city, turning everything into the lowest farce as the surest method of gaining the popular applause, on which their very existence depended. Ignorant and ill educated, these actors of Bolognese, Lombard, or Genoese origin spoke a garbled mixture of dialects, and had no notion of pronouncing the pure Tuscan of "*Il bel paese là dove il Sì suona*." Nor could any grace or dignity of gesture be expected from players of this class, to make up for the defects of their pronunciation. Such was the state of the Italian drama at the end of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The merit of having raised it from so ignominious a position belongs chiefly to the "Accademia degli Arcadi," founded at Rome by Vincenzo Leonio (1690), and one of the most famous of these literary institutions which flourished all over Italy during this century. The beneficial influence exercised by the "Arcadi" over literature in general was especially centred in the reform of the drama; and, under the shadow of this great literary society, the dramatic writers once more ventured upon the abandoned field of tragedy. Pier Jacopo Martelli (b. 1665; d. 1727), a member of this Accademia, is the first to claim our notice. Fired by emulation of the French stage, he thought, by taking the great writers who had formed it for an exact model, he could produce dramas equal to theirs in his own language. He did not even confine his imitation to the general method of developing the plot, but carried it so far into detail as to copy faithfully the metre they employed, with its rhymes in stiff couplets—a kind of verse hitherto unknown to the Italian stage, and ever afterwards called from him *Martelliani*. One example will serve to show how ill

the long Alexandrine metre agrees with the spirit of the Italian language :—

"Signor vedi a' tuoi piedi, il tuo fedel Rustano,
Che t'annuncia vicino, l'arrivo del Sultano."

Even as a novelty this metre had little charm for the Italians, and very soon they discovered how wearisome was the "*monotonia della cesura e la rima troppo frequente, e sempre accoppiata.*" Martelli himself, when he perceived their unpopularity, observed that—"With a pair of scissors the mistake could be remedied; for, by dividing the verses exactly in the middle, they could be reduced to the short metre employed by the old tragedians, pre-eminently by Speroni in his *Canace*,"¹ Martelli's Theatre was published at Rome in 1715. Its merits were recognised by no less a critic than Goldoni, who observes "that Martelli might have endowed his country with a *teatro completo* had he not had the folly to introduce a new kind of versification into Italy."² Nevertheless, fifty years afterwards, Goldoni employed the same metre in his play of *Molière*, for the singular reason that in a drama of which Molière was the hero it was fitting to imitate the metre so often employed by the French dramatists.

The compositions of Martelli embrace every kind of drama; and it is to be regretted that, after all his efforts to improve the Italian stage, and the sterling merit of many of his tragedies, he should have so far stooped to the depraved taste of the age as to write a farce called *Lo Sternuto d'Ercole*, to be played with wooden figures! Goldoni describes how, in his youth, he himself represented this comedy with a puppet-show which had been given to him for his amusement. The plot is simple. Hercules is represented as travelling through the country of the Pigmies. The little people, terrified at the aspect of what appeared to them a moving

mountain with arms and legs, hide themselves in the clefts of the rocks, till, perceiving the giant asleep on the plain, they emerge from their hiding-place, and, armed with pigmy weapons, march in myriads over the body of their sleeping enemy. He awakes with a sneeze, which, like that of Gulliver, terrifies and disperses the invading army. "Ecco," says Goldoni, "la commedia finita e scommetterei che nessun altro fuori di me s'immaginò di eseguire la *Bambocciata* del Signor Martelli."³ Gian Vincenzo Gravina, already alluded to in the preceding paper as the patron of Metastasio, immediately followed Martelli, and laboured conscientiously at the task of restoring the fallen drama. But in this respect his rules were of more use than his actual compositions; for, by adhering to a stiff imitation of the classical models, he fell into the same error which had marred the works of so many of his fellow-dramatists.

A decided success was, however, destined to attend the next dramatic production of Italy, the *Merope* of Scipione Maffei, which marks a distinct epoch in the reform of her tragedy. Verona, the birthplace of Scipione Maffei (b. 1675; d. 1755), has good reason to be proud of her distinguished son, more especially when he devoted so large a portion of his labours and talents to the honour of his native city. It does not come within the scope of this paper to treat of Maffei's *Verona Illustrata*, with its exhaustive account of her celebrated Roman remains, and of her history from the time of Charlemagne; nor yet of his other great archaeological and literary works, save where they touch upon the drama. In his treatise on the *Teatri Antichi e Moderni*, Maffei defended the existence and use of theatres with successful eloquence against the indignant attack of a Dominican padre, Concina, who looked upon them as the primary cause of the vicious social condition of Italy. Maffei's triumph was sealed when the Pope (Benedict XIV.) addressed him

¹ Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.*, vol. ii. p. 622.

² *Memorie del Sig. Goldoni*, p. 68.

³ *Memorie del Sig. Goldoni*, p. 68.

a formal epistle expressing entire approval of Maffei's defence, and his opinion that, in such hands, the drama might be made to fulfil a useful and edifying purpose. Maffei laments in his treatise over the *Pasticci drammatici*, as he called them, of the day, which, he said, "do not deserve the name of either tragedy or comedy, and, worse than that, they propagate vice by the bad examples they represent." He first compiled his *Teatro Italiano*, consisting of the best dramas of the sixteenth century, and some of them he caused to be represented on the stage. But they only served to convince him of the inferiority of the Italian drama as compared with that of other European nations, and, in the determination to wipe away this reproach from his country, he composed his *Merope*. Although not free from defects, this tragedy, for the beauty and force of the argument, the happy development of the plot, and the careful, sustained style, became universally popular; and a decided change for the better in the dramatic taste of Italy may be fairly said to date from its first representation at Venice, in 1713. It was repeated forty times in one carnival, and has since passed through sixty editions. Nor was its fame confined to Italy, for it spread all over Europe, and was translated into many languages. The greatest tribute paid to Maffei was the adaptation of *Merope* to the French stage by Voltaire. Persuaded, however, that in its native simplicity it would not have the same charm for a Parisian as for an Italian audience, Voltaire composed a *Méropé* of his own, rearranging the scenes, and adding a few incidents to increase the interest. Then, preserving all the grand passages, which he rendered in his own language, while he pared away what was harsh or abrupt, he produced one of the most striking tragedies that have ever been represented on the stage. In the letter prefixed to the first edition of his *Méropé*, Voltaire acknowledges his debt to Maffei:—"Si la *Méropé* française a eu le même succès que la *Méropé* italienne, c'est à vous, monsieur, que je le

dois; c'est à cette simplicité dont j'ai toujours été idolâtre, qui dans votre ouvrage m'a servi de modèle. Si j'ai marché dans une route différente, vous m'y avez toujours servi de guide."¹ But this handsome recognition is marred by subsequent conduct more in keeping with the spiteful wit of Voltaire, when, under the feigned name of De la Lindelle, he addressed a letter to himself, in which he reviles the Italian *Merope*, and takes occasion to point out all its vulnerable points. Goldsmith pronounces Maffei's *Merope* to be "the most finished tragedy in the world,"² and "supposes that the author learned from the *Samson* of Milton, and the *Athalie* of Racine, to construct a tragedy without a love intrigue." It is a strong proof of the power of Maffei's mind that, without such an episode, he should have succeeded in winning the public favour at a period when a romance of some kind was considered indispensable to any drama. Maffei wrote his *Merope* with the intention of proving that it was possible to excite the sympathy and sustain the interest of the audience by a plot depending entirely on the strong affection existing between mother and son, when brought out and placed in a vivid light by situations of extreme peril. Some of the scenes show great power and force of contrast. Yet it must be owned that there is something revolting in the fury of a queen who wishes to kill the murderer of her son with her own hands—something to excite horror rather than sympathy, and not to be excused even by the force of the situation, when the supposed murderer proves to be her son himself, whom she is about to destroy. Voltaire contrives to soften the impression conveyed by the queen's violence in this scene, till it merely appears undignified; but with Maffei her conduct appears in all its rude barbarity. Eager in the pursuit of learning, and anxious to compare the literature of other nations with his own, Scipione

¹ *L'Italia letteraria artistica*, p. 207.

² Goldsmith, *Present State of Polite Literature*, p. 48.

Maffei travelled all over Europe. Frederick Prince of Wales welcomed him to England with marked courtesy, and in return he dedicated to the Prince the first book of his translation of the *Iliad* into Italian. He visited Pope at his villa on the Thames, and found him engaged in the study of *Merope*. The University of Oxford conferred a degree on the illustrious Italian, with an elaborate public oration in his praise, from which, however, says a satirical biographer, "he could not have derived much gratification, as, owing to the barbarous English method of pronouncing Latin, he did not understand a word they said."¹ He died at Verona in 1775, in the eightieth year of his age. His *Merope* raised the whole tone of the Italian stage, and the tragedians who succeeded him set it steadily before them as a standard of excellence. But they were not equally successful in gaining the popular applause; and the only tragedies which in any way rivalled that of Maffei were those of *Giulio Cesare* and *Giunio Bruto*, by Conti. Antonio Conti, a Venetian nobleman (b. 1677; d. 1748), was a contemporary of Maffei; but it was only in the decline of life that he turned his mind to the drama; and so it came to pass that his *Giulio Cesare* was not represented till 1743, whereas *Merope* had appeared in 1713. The former of these two tragedies was highly popular when first performed at Venice, and the critics praise the simple grandeur of his characters by contrast with the affectation which clings to the modern dramatists in their treatment of classical subjects. "The true Roman speaks with natural nobility of character, beautiful because it is unconscious; but in our modern tragedies the heroes are great and noble with so vast an effort that they collapse, and become mean and little in the attempt, displaying their foreign origin when they most wish to appear as Romans. The great merit of Conti consists in a wise adherence to those details of the manners and customs of the time which

stamp the character of the piece, and in which the French dramatists are often very deficient."² A few tragedians, whose names we must refrain from inserting from want of space, stimulated by the examples of Maffei and Conti, continued to cultivate the tragic muse with praiseworthy zeal worthy of better success.

Translations of French and English plays were also written in great numbers at this time. Among others, the *Mahomet* and *Semiramide* of Voltaire were rendered into Italian by Cesarotti. But such foreign aid could not impart sufficient life to sustain the tottering native drama. On the contrary it only served to confirm the prevailing opinion, that although here and there an occasional good tragedy might give promise of better things, Italy would never possess a permanent tragic theatre; that tragedy was not in accordance with the genius and character of her language. This despairing verdict was destined to be immediately called in question, and afterwards completely overthrown by the genius of Alfieri. "Why," he asks, with all the passionate eagerness of his character, "must our divine language, so bold and vigorous in the mouth of Dante, become languid and effeminate on the tragic stage; why should Cesarotti, whose poem of *Ossian* is full of life and fire, become at once tame and insipid in his tragedies of *Semiramide* and *Mahomet*? Of one thing I am sure, that, wherever the fault lies, it is not in our beautiful, flexible, ever-varying Italian speech." He proved the truth of his own words; for, after the publication of his tragedies this reproach could never again be cast upon the dramatic literature of Italy. His immediate predecessors had laboured vainly in the same cause, copying, now the classic and now the French stage, but to no purpose. He bent his genius to the task, and it was done. Despising the mere surface work of imitating the foreign drama, he began by making himself thoroughly acquainted with his own language in its finest models, and then moulded it with masterly vigour

¹ *L'Italia lett.*, ed. Ar., p. 208.

² Maffei, vol. ii. p. 624.

to serve the great end he proposed to himself. But this result was only accomplished by years of labour. His early education was little calculated to develop his talents. He was born at Asti, January 17, 1749, of noble parents; and it was the opinion of those days that for that class of life the smallest amount of education would suffice—that “*ad un signore non era necessario di diventare un dottore.*” Eight years of “ineducation,” as he himself terms it, had their fruit in a wild ungoverned youth; but with this period of his life we have no concern. It occupies three epochs of his autobiography, and the fourth, which embraces thirty years of manhood and middle life, gives a faithful account of the studies of his maturer years and of their fruit in his works. The representation of *Cleopatra*, his earliest tragedy, performed in Turin in 1775, brought out forcibly its many defects, and made manifest to Alfieri the necessity of retracing his steps in those paths of learning from which in youth and indolence he had turned aside. “The thick veil,” he says, “which had hitherto so effectually blinded me fell from my eyes, and I made a solemn vow to spare myself neither pains nor trouble, until, like a true son of Italy, I had mastered my own language.” Beginning literally with the grammar, he proceeded steadily, verse by verse, through the Italian classics. Dante was too difficult at the outset, and was laid aside for Tasso; Ariosto succeeded; then Dante without the help of commentaries, followed by Petrarch, diligently noting the fine passages of each, and never pausing in his work; so that in a year he had an accurate knowledge of these, the four great poets of Italy. And for sixteen years they continued to be his daily study. To his mind they contained all the elements of poetry, with the exception of the actual mechanism of blank verse, which, he observes, “can be easily extracted from the combination of the four, when taken together and manipulated with a little art.”¹ Later

in life he found another model for blank verse in the *Ossian* of Cesarotti, which had a great attraction for him. His friends, who watched his labours with interest, next recommended a study of the best prose writers; and finally, still in the pursuit of his language in its purest form, he betook himself to Tuscany to accustom himself “*a parlare, udire, pensare, e sognare in Toscano, e non altrimenti mai più.*” Like all true Italian scholars he could not away with the French Italian, which in his time, as now, prevailed in Italy; and which has such a mischievous effect upon the language, weakening its fine nervous idioms, and spoiling all its originality. Against these “gallicismes” Alfieri waged a ceaseless warfare, more especially because, owing to his Piedmontese birth and education, they were a special stumbling-block in his own path. The first use he made of the knowledge of his own language was to re-write the two tragedies of *Filippo* and *Polinice*, which in his youth he had written in French. *Filippo* is now considered one of his best tragedies, and the dialogue between the King of Spain and his minister (Act ii. Sc. 5), as a masterpiece of vigour and brevity, rivals Corneille's famous challenge scene in the *Cid*. The hateful character of Philip II. is portrayed with a powerful hand. To the study of his own literature succeeded that of the ancient classics; and the result of this was the tragedy of *Antigone*. *Antigone* offers another striking instance of conciseness (Act iv. Sc. 1). The second scene of the second act is one of great power, and is famous for the one sentence: “*Il reo d'un delitto è ch'è pensa.*” Still keeping on classical ground, he wrote *Agamemnone*, and pursued the narrative in the tragedy of *Oreste*. Aware that the subject had already been treated by Voltaire, he endeavoured to borrow the French tragedy from a friend, who refused to lend it, advising him to write his own play first, on the ground that, in that way his *Oreste*, whether better or worse than the French one, would be at all events his own. “I took

¹ Alfieri, Opere, vol. ii. p. 109.

this excellent advice," says Alfieri, "and it ever afterwards became a rule with me, if I wrote on a subject already treated by modern writers, never to read their tragedies till I had composed my own. Thus I preserved an originality which none can dispute." However, every rule requires an exception to prove it, and, in the case of *Merope*, Alfieri had read Maffei's tragedy on the same subject before composing his own. And his wonder that such a tragedy should have obtained so great a reputation induced him to see whether he could not do more justice to the subject. Like Maffei, he dedicated his tragedy to his mother in token of filial affection; and by a few masterly strokes he adds vigour to a subject which seemed to have reached its culminating point of interest in the hands of former tragedians. *Sofonisba* and *La Rosmunda*, the earliest tragedies of the *Teatro Antico*, were again invested by him with their "sceptred pall." He relates with much candour how, on reading his first *Sofonisba* to a friend, it was such an evident failure that he threw it into the fire. He afterwards re-wrote it, though never to his entire satisfaction. *La Congiura dei Pazzi* was next suggested to him as a subject for a tragedy, by his friend Il Gori. Alfieri read the account of this conspiracy for the first time in Machiavelli's History, and was so enraptured with the vigorous style of the narrative as to lay aside his dramatic works for the time, and to write a treatise on *La Tirannide*, which he published in later years. Although his more mature judgment taught him to look upon the subject of his work in a modified light, and to wish that his wild invectives against princes and potentates had been strengthened by reasonable arguments, he would not allow himself to temper with "*il gelo degli anni*" the passionate cry for liberty which breathes in this ardent work of his youth. No one desired more earnestly than he did the freedom of his country, no one was more intolerant of the yoke of oppression under which Italy had groaned so

long. Of the sincerity of these convictions he gave a remarkable proof. There was a law at that time in Piedmont that subjects of Alfieri's position and station in life might not leave the kingdom without permission of the Government. This was sufficiently galling to a man of Alfieri's restless independent spirit; but another law, which prohibited, under penalty of a heavy fine, the publication of any books out of the kingdom unless revised by the State, touched him still more nearly. "In these circumstances," says Alfieri, "it was evident that I could not be both an author and a subject of His Piedmontese Majesty. Of the two I chose to be an author." He was also aware that the principles of liberty which he insisted upon so earnestly in his writings—in the *Tirannide*, for example, and in his tragedy of *Virginia*, one of his most powerful compositions—were not calculated to win the approbation of the Piedmontese Government. His proud, independent genius could brook no restraint of this nature, and he resolved to shake off the galling chains at whatever cost; to bid adieu to his country; in short, to make use of the word which he coined for the occasion—"di spiontezzarmi." This self-banishment involved the renunciation of his inheritance and all other worldly possessions; but the greatness of the sacrifice did not stagger his purpose. He deliberately made over to his sister Giulia (wife of the Conte di Cumiana) the whole of his property, on condition of her allowing him an annual pension of fourteen thousand lire. At one time it seemed doubtful if the Government would allow him to draw this pension, and the chapter which he devotes to this extraordinary incident,¹ relates in an amusing manner the various economies he strove to practise, and his calculations as to what profession would best secure him a livelihood. His passion for horses—second only to his love of literature—and his great gift for managing them, led him seriously to consider whether the trade of a horse-breaker would not

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 58-71.

suit him. It was, he considered, one of the least servile of occupations, and most easily combined with that of a poet, "since a tragedy may be as well written in a stable as in a court."¹ But at length his affairs were arranged, and his sister, deeply lamenting the step he had taken, was allowed by the Government to pay him the annual pension he had asked for. Alfieri was now free. His movements were no longer restrained by arbitrary rule. His writings might express his bold uncompromising sentiments without fear of restraint. The completion of the *Congiura dei Pazzi*, hitherto only planned, was the first fruit of this liberty, written, as he himself expresses it, with "*febbre frenetica di libertà*." But this cannot excuse the false colours in which, to serve the cause of freedom, Alfieri represents an action acknowledged by all historians to have been the most dastardly of crimes. To borrow the words of Roscoe—for none more forcible could be found—"What shall we think of a dramatic performance in which the 'Pazzi' are the champions of liberty? in which superstition is called in to the aid of truth, and Sixtus consecrates the holy weapons devoted to the slaughter of the two brothers? in which the relations of all parties are confounded, and a tragic effect is attempted to be produced by a total dereliction of historical veracity, an assumption of falsehood for truth, of vice for virtue?"² Still, while lamenting the general principles it inculcates, we must not be deterred from pointing out the beauty of some of the individual parts. The scene of the two Medici brothers, Lorenzo and Giuliano,³ which contains a tribute to the founder of their family, the great Cosmo, and a masterly description of a tyrant's method of crushing his people into submission—displays his great gift of eloquence in a striking manner. *Don Garzia* followed the *Congiura*, and is again made the engine for an attack upon the Medici. His next tragedy, *Maria Stuarda*, he

wrote for the singular reason that he did not like the subject; but with that indomitable will, so characteristic of him, he determined to see if he could not do justice to it, in spite of his disinclination. The experiment failed as a whole, although the principal characters, Queen Mary, Darnley, and Bothwell, are well drawn. The subordinate parts of Ormond and Lamorre are creations of his fancy, for it is in vain to seek them in history. He continued his work with astonishing rapidity; in ten months (1782) he wrote seven tragedies, arranged the plan of two new ones, and revised and corrected the fourteen which he had composed altogether. From time to time he judged of their effect by reading them aloud in a mixed society, inviting the criticisms of the learned, profiting even by the "yawns, coughs, and restlessness" of the rougher or more ignorant elements of his audience, to note for alteration such passages as were dull and heavy, and could not command general interest. But hitherto, with the sole unfortunate example of *Cleopatra*, none of his tragedies had been put upon the stage. At last he was stimulated to make the attempt by the representation of a version of Thomas Corneille's *Conte d'Essex*, by a company of dilettanti in the private theatre of the Duca Grimaldi, at Rome. Poor in the original, the play appeared even worse in a translation; and Alfieri longed to substitute one of his own, written with native fire, in his own beloved Italian language. He offered his *Antigone* to the amateur *corps dramatique*. It was readily accepted, and the company not being sufficiently strong for all the parts, that of Creonte, usurper of the throne of Thebes, fell upon himself. The success of the piece surpassed his expectations, and induced him to venture on what he terms the *terribile prova* of printing and publishing his works. The first edition consisted of one volume, containing his first four tragedies, published at Rome in 1783, and followed immediately by six more tragedies published in two volumes at Siena. He was immediately assailed by the

¹ *Ibid.* p. 68.

² Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, note to p. 212.

³ *Cong. dei Pazzi*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

fire which he had expected of literary criticism, correspondence, and newspaper comments. The *pedanti Fiorentini*, as he calls them, gave him to understand that, if his manuscript had been corrected by their Academy, it would have had a better chance of success. An exception must be made in favour of Il Calzabigi's just and enlightened criticisms, which, far from angering the author, were of great service to him in his subsequent compositions. To this critic Alfieri wrote a reply, and the correspondence serves as an admirable preface to the first volume.¹ After the publication of these tragedies, Alfieri paused in his labours, and set out on extensive travels to France and England, not, as he tells us, from any curiosity or wish to see either of those countries, but partly from sheer restlessness, and partly for the purpose of buying English horses. This passion, already alluded to, was sufficiently strong to supersede for a period of eight months at a time the books and poetry which were at other times of such absorbing interest. During his sojourn of four months in London (1784) he bought fourteen horses (as many horses as he had written tragedies), which, with infinite labour, he transported to Siena. He feelingly describes all the miseries the poor animals suffered in the transit, and his careful passage of Mont Cenis, which offered no small difficulties and danger to the high-bred English horses, "*vivaci e briosi oltre modo*."² On his way through Piedmont, the reigning King of Sardinia, Vittorio Amadeo II., sought in vain to lure the voluntary exile back to his native country. Liberty of thought and liberty of action were more than ever prized by Alfieri after his sojourn in England, and the royal courtesies were in vain, although later, in 1796, when the king was hard pressed by the French arms, Alfieri would have been glad had it been possible to render him any service. Breathing more freely when he had left Piedmont behind him, Alfieri began anew his rambles over Italy and Europe.

The fame of Voltaire's tragedy of *Brutus* stirred up a spirit of rivalry in the Italian tragedian. "Voltaire write on Brutus!" he exclaims; "I will have a Brutus of my own; nay, I will have two; and we will see if I cannot outdo this Frenchman of plebeian origin." And so *Bruto Primo* appeared, dedicated to Washington, followed by *Bruto Secondo*, dedicated to "Il libero Popolo Italiano." They are noisy and tumultuous tragedies, where the stage is perpetually crowded with Roman citizens clamouring for freedom; and although they contain some fine declamations in favour of liberty, they are the least happy of Alfieri's works. His tragedies were now nineteen in number, and Alfieri, who had originally intended to limit their number to twelve, resolved to abstain from writing any more, and to publish them all in a new and complete edition. He was in Paris at the time of this resolution (1787), so he entrusted the publication of the new edition to Didot, a Frenchman of whose taste and talents the fastidious author had a high opinion. It was three years in preparation, owing to the care and pains which were lavished upon it, and it was still in type when Didot's press suddenly stopped for want of hands. The workmen, plunged deep in the politics of that exciting time, spent "whole days," says the indignant author, "in reading the newspapers and expressing their ideas as to the government of the kingdom, instead of attending to their business of setting up the types." But these were only the first signs of the awful storm of the Revolution from which Alfieri on his return to Paris, in 1792, narrowly escaped with his life. His *Memoirs* describe the well-known events of the 10th of August, the massacre of the Swiss Guard, the pitiless treatment of the Royal Family; his own flight, accomplished five days afterwards with the utmost difficulty.³ The atrocities he had himself witnessed, supplemented each day by some new tale of horror as it reached Italy, filled to overflowing the measure of Alfieri's hatred of and contempt for

¹ Alfieri, *Tragedie*, vol. i. pp. 1-92.

² Alfieri, *Vita*, vol. ii. p. 123.

³ Vol. ii. pp. 188, 207.

the French. It was not till he had relieved his mind by an apology for the unhappy Louis XVI., then a prisoner, and a furious invective against the whole nation, entitled *Il Misogallo*, that Alfieri could again turn his attention to Italian literature. Still it was his unhappy fate twice before he died to see the objects of his especial hatred enter Florence—once in 1799, and again in 1804, when he peremptorily refused the French general's request to make his acquaintance. In the spring of 1793 we find him aiding personally in the recital of his tragedies by a society of dilettanti in Florence. He made great progress in the art of declamation, giving the light and shade, inflection of voice, and variety of action necessary to make the characters he personated stand out distinctly and vividly before his audience. *Saul* was his favourite tragedy. After reciting it several times, he was prevailed upon to play the part of the Hebrew king, in a private theatre at Pisa, and there he tells us "*rimasi quanto al teatro, morto da Rè.*" Authors do not always give the preference to their best works, but the Italian critics confirm Alfieri in his predilection for *Saul*, esteeming it the best and most powerful of his tragedies. Alfieri made a previous study of the character of Saul in Holy Writ, and the inspired language seems to have been present to his mind throughout the composition of the piece. We recognize it in the beautiful song of David, which stills for a while the king's madness, of which we can only give a faint idea in translation:—

"O Thou who in eternal power dost reign
O'er all created things dread Lord Divine,
Thou, at whose word I was from nothing
ta'en,
How dare I lift my trembling eyes to Thine!
Thou, from whose gaze the depths of earth
contain
No secret paths, and night as day doth
shine:
Speak but Thy word, and worlds in chaos
close,
Stretch forth Thine arm, and scatter'd flee
Thy foes.
Borne earthwards on the rushing fiery wings
Of myriad cherubims Thy chariot stayed,
And with Thy Word, which mightiest power
brings,
Didst Israel's leader once vouchsafe to aid;

Wisdom and speech didst give from living
springs,
And Thou Thyself his sword and buckler
made.
Let but one ray of Thine effulgent light
Pierce through the clouds and strike our
dazzled sight." *Saul*, Act. iii. Sc. 4.

Again, we frequently find it in the expression of the deep religious feeling which is the mainspring of each and all of the characters. "*Miseri noi! che siam, se Iddio ci lascia,*" David exclaims, in his pity for Saul (Sc. 1). "*Col Rè sia pace*" is Jonathan's salutation to his father. "*E sia col Padre Iddio,*" adds Michal. "*Meco è sempre il Dolore,*" replies the unhappy king. The dream of Saul, the departure of David on the eve of the battle, are worth referring to, as they abound in the rich metaphors which give such an Eastern colouring to the drama.

An interval of ten years elapsed between the nineteen tragedies which were published by Didot and the two last compositions, the *Alceste Prima* and *Seconda*. These were the results of his Greek studies late in life, and Alfieri was not a little vain of having learnt Greek at the age of forty-six. "Better late than never," he observes in the chapter devoted to the account of this new accomplishment; and in his mature years he read for the first time, in the original, the story of Alcestis "brought from the grave." It took such a hold of his imagination, that he breaks the vow which he had solemnly made never to write another tragedy, and gives us a finished composition remarkable for a soft delicacy foreign to his other works. The return of Alcestis to life in the concluding scene is beautifully told, recalling by its tender feeling the last scene of the *Winter's Tale*. When, like Hermione, Alcestis

"Bequeaths to death her numbness,
For from him dear life redeems her,"

and is reunited to her husband, for whose sake she had laid down her life, while her children cling round her in rapt and wondering delight, the pathos of the scene is unrivalled. "*Eccola; mira; Alceste viva è questa!*" and Alfieri puts the finishing touch when he

makes the sight draw tears from Hercules, the mighty hero, who had snatched her from the very grasp of death.

"It was the crowning grace of that great heart

To keep back joy ; procrastinate the truth,
Until the wife, who had made proof and found
The husband wanting, might essay once more,

Hear, see, and feel him renovated now,
Able to do, know, all herself had done,
Risen to the height of her : so hand in hand
The two might go together, live and die."¹

Thus once again embarked in literary labours, Alfieri, at the close of his career, wrote six comedies, and was engaged in revising them when the illness overtook him of which he died at Florence, October 4, 1804. But these comedies did not add to his reputation, nor did the rather "puerile vanity," as he terms it, which prompted him to celebrate his lately acquired Greek scholarship by the invention and self-investment of an Homeric Order of Merit. This consisted of a chain, or collar, from which hung a cameo representing Homer, and bearing on the reverse a Greek distich, invented by Alfieri, and translated also by him into Italian rhyme :—

"Forse inventava Alfieri un ordin vero,
Nel farsi ei stesso Cavalier d'Omero."

But as the most eminent tragic writer of Italy he is worthy of the highest honour. Full of vigour and power, he breathes new life into the languid scenes of Italian tragedy. He will have no imitation of French gallantry, no Spanish rhodomontades. Italy must have a theatre of her own, speaking her pure idiom, and representing her own ideas on either classical or modern subjects. With one sweep he clears the stage of all confidants and secondary personages ; so that, if you run your eye down the list of characters, you see that they rarely exceed six or seven, and are generally limited to four. "In my tragedies," he says, "you will find no convenient eavesdropper ready to hear and reveal the secret on which the whole plot depends, no mysterious characters

(with the one exception of Egisto, in *Merope*) unknown either to themselves or to others. I have not availed myself of either supernatural or physical aid ; no flitting ghosts haunt my scenes ; no thunder and lightning enhance my catastrophes. I have abstained from unnecessary murders and massacres. In short, I have rigidly denied myself the usual license permitted to dramatic writers." But the very simplicity of his tragedies laid him open to attack on account of their uniformity of method ; and the author does not deny that he pursues the same system with each and all alike, trusting to the variety of subject and character to obviate this monotony. His own opinion of his works, as deliberately expressed as if he was discussing those of another author, was constantly corrected by contemporary criticism. He recognised the justice of the enlightened comments of Il Calzabigi and of Cesarotti, whose blank verse had served him for a model ; but to the captious fault-finding of the Florentine Academy he was perfectly indifferent.

"Uom se' tu grande o vile ?
Mori e il saprai,"

are the concluding words of the sonnet in which he describes for posterity the strange mixture of good and evil in his character. And if the critics busied themselves with his works during his lifetime, they dissected them after his death in the most unsparing manner. The French revenge themselves with bitter invective for the abuse Alfieri had heaped upon their nation. Schlegel is scant of his praises, and only selects the *Saul* as worthy of favourable comment ; but the opinion of his own nation, as summed up in the discourse of Pietro del Rio, is of more consequence. "You must not look," he says, "for dazzling variety of metaphor, nor yet for persuasive forms of speech ; but you will always find a magnificent power in the style, life and vigour in the action of the drama, force in the dialogue, vivacity and truth in the characters, and occasional passages of astounding eloquence."

CATHERINE M. PHILLIMORE.

¹ *Balaustion's Adventure*, Robert Browning, p. 147.

To be continued.

THOROUGH ANTI-RESTORATION.

SIR,—On reading Mr. Loftie's article on "Thorough Restoration," in last month's *Macmillan*, my first reflection was that I had never felt more pointedly the truth of the injunction, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," since, after having for years been amongst the most earnest of protesters against the system he condemns, I find my sentiments and almost my very words taken out of my mouth, and adduced to my own condemnation.

This is the more exasperating, when I find in a list of damaged churches one at least which had filled me with such wrath as to provoke me (though without expressly naming it) to introduce a most pungent paragraph into my inaugural address, when elected President of the Institute of British Architects; and—then find one of my own (which I had rather plumed myself upon) introduced in the same list. This, however, is a mere flea-bite; for, while Mr. Loftie does not think it worth while to say much about the common run of restoration, such as those which have provoked my most earnest protests, he devotes himself with a special *gusto* to writing down some of my own which I had flattered myself were unassailable, or to which I had at least devoted special love and earnest anxiety.

Now, how am I to account for this? Am I really such a self-deceiver as to fancy my own works to be honest and conscientious, while in fact they are just as bad as those against which I have been crying out "in season and out of season" for so many years?—or do I look at matters from a different stand-point from Mr. Loftie?—or is that gentleman's perception warped or obscure? I cannot answer these questions. There is only one test that

I can think of. It is clearly useless to discuss the abstract merits or demerits of works. I can, however, examine into questions of *fact*, and by inference from these it is possible that some aid may be obtained in judging of questions of *opinion*. Anyhow, it will be the better for the general subject that it be divested from any palpable errors of this nature.

Mr. Loftie lays great stress upon the restoration, ten years back, of the church of St. Michael, near St. Alban's. "A very bad case, indeed," says he, "where one of the oldest churches in England has been deliberately ruined." The excellent incumbent, who is absolutely devoted to his church, and well knows every stone and brick of it, says on the contrary, "I consider the restoration of the church as thoroughly conservative, and often point out to visitors evidences of your great anxiety that every old feature should be distinctly shown. . . . Pray accept my best thanks for your true and careful restoration of the dear old church of St. Michael's."

Another competent person, who watched the work throughout, says:—"I have no hesitation in saying that a more careful restoration was never carried out, special care to preserve every portion of the building being taken by Sir Gilbert Scott." For my own part I can assert the same. I took a very special interest in the building and its conservation; and even walls which it seemed at first impossible to save, were bolstered up and embalmed, one may say, against the common decay of nature, by being saturated internally with cementing matter; so that their surface remained identically as I found it, with

all its strange intermixture of flint, stone, and Roman tile. In this course of laborious conservation, work, apparently Saxon, constructed in Roman brick, has been discovered throughout the church. An arch and doorway on the north of the chancel, and windows on either side the nave, of this age and material, have been discovered and carefully opened out to view, cut through and ignored by the Norman arcade, itself so old that Clutterbuck says of the arches, that "they bear a striking resemblance to those in part of the nave in the Abbey Church." The old roofs of the nave, the north aisle, and the south chapel of the nave have been cleared from the lath and plaster which largely concealed them, carefully repaired without in the least disturbing their antiquity, and exposed again to sight. The half-timber work of the south chapel has been opened out to view; while not a wall or a bit of wall has been disturbed or renewed except a small amount of reparation imperatively demanded for safety. Windows of later date, long walled up, have been opened out again and, where necessary, repaired. None, however, have been renewed excepting the east window of the chancel, which had fallen out and was replaced by a wooden frame; and, even in this single renewal, the jambs, &c., are the old ones, and the arch contains the only old stone which could be found of it. In fact, the loving pains taken to preserve and hand down in its identity this ancient fabric, with all the changes in its history not only retained, but rediscovered and brought again to light, was beyond what I can describe. And this is what Mr. Loftie calls being "deliberately ruined"!

Hitherto, however, difference of view may be pleaded. Let us come, then, to more palpable questions of fact. He says—still speaking of St. Michael's—"the Elizabethan entrance ceiling and pews were all relics of his [Lord Bacon's] time, and were all swept away, and the chapel reduced to the level of an ordinary chancel

aisle." These expressions evidently took their rise from Mr. Thorne, who probably trusted too much to his memory, and similarly speaks of the "Elizabethan porches, ceilings, and fittings" as "strengthening Baconian associations;" and further says: "The Verulam Chapel opposite the tomb, with its Elizabethan entrance, ceiling, and pews, had quite a Baconian character before the recent restoration when . . . the chapel was reduced to an ordinary chancel aisle." I learn also that Mr. Loftie speaks of a "ceiled pew," as being the very seat in which Bacon sat, "alluded to in the touching epitaph"—the epitaph containing the words, *Sic sedebat*.

Now, all this is most perplexing. In the first place, the "ordinary chancel aisle" into which I have succeeded in reducing the "Bacon chapel" or "ceiled pew"—neither exists nor ever did exist. The chancel has not and never had an aisle! Clutterbuck correctly describes the church, as it was then and now is, as consisting (besides the tower), of "a nave, north side-aisle, a south chapel of the nave, and a chancel;" but no chancel aisle was there. Again, there was no ceiled pew or anything of the kind; nor was there any form of "Elizabethan ceiling" whatever. The chancel, it is true, was ceiled—but how? Let us hear from the clerk of the works. "The roof was for the most part *fir*, some of the rafters were *chestnut*. The whole of it is in such a rotten state, it was found impossible to do anything with it; and but for the *modern ceiling shaped in fir to form the same* must have collapsed." This "Elizabethan ceiling" was probably put up "during the repair of the church," which Clutterbuck mentions "in the year 1808." Mr. Thorne mentions "new roofs." The only new roof takes the place of this, which was so rotten as only to be held up by a modern ceiling!

Let us come, however, to the "Bacon chapel" or pew. I never heard of its having anything to do with Bacon, nor did any one I have

inquired of, and I utterly disbelieve it. Even Mr. Loftie can hardly believe it to be identical with (hardly that it contained) the handsome arm-chair referred to in the "*Sic sedebat*"! It was a common, ordinary pew, bearing no signs of antiquity, and was about one-third of it in the chancel, and two-thirds in the nave; as a consequence, if it is older than 1808, it was severed in two by the chancel screen, which it seems was only removed in that year. Besides this *frustum* of the Gorhambury pew, the main portion of which (with its fireplace) was in the nave, the chancel contained "three ordinary square seats for the Gorhambury servants," of which the incumbent says: "My own opinion is that the pews were made by some of the members of the family of the present owners of Gorhambury, the Grimstons."

In corroboration of this opinion I have (in addition to my own memory and that of a most trustworthy assistant) the testimony of the clerk of the works that "no remains of posts were found which could have supported such a covering [or 'ceiling'], but only a curtain on brass rods; that the framing was part deal, and some few panels on sides in wainscot, but quite modern; not small, square panels, with moulded styles and rails like Queen Anne's period, but simply coarse moulding." He gives the section, which is of quite modern character.

So much for the "Bacon chapel," which I, for one, never till last month heard of. The "Elizabethan porch" or "entrance" consisted of jambs and lintel of Portland stone, in section like the nosing of a stone step, which the clerk of the works from its own evidence, states to have been "*re-used*"—that is removed here from some place where it had been previously employed. "The insertion of it," he says, "caused the destruction of one half of the decorated canopy of a tomb found in the south wall of the chancel," and now opened out to view. I do not know that Portland stone was brought into

the neighbourhood of London till Inigo Jones's time,¹ which hardly allows of these pieces having been used and re-used before Bacon's decease in 1626. The fact is that this entire Baconian theory is a mere *mare's nest*. Neither "chapel," "ceiled pew," "porch," "entrance," nor "ceiling" of Bacon's time, existed, save in the fertile imaginations of these zealous gentlemen! Nor had the church ever exhibited its antiquities so profusely or so plainly as has been the case since (in Mr. Loftie's language) it has been "*deliberately ruined*."

I now come to the glorious abbey church (now happily the cathedral) of St. Alban's.

I may begin by saying (at the risk of egotism) that for scarcely any church have I so strong and earnest a love as for this. It was the day-dream of my boyhood to be permitted to visit it, and on the earliest opportunity which offered—only a year less than half a century back—I made, with a palpitating heart, my first pilgrimage there. This was before the repairs were undertaken by Mr. Cottingham, and while the small leaded spire, so characteristic of the district, still crowned the central tower. Ever since that time I have been a not unfrequent visitor and student, and my various reports, as well as, to those who recollect them, my many peripatetic lectures, will show how earnest have been my feelings towards this, probably the most interesting of all English churches; and I can scarcely think it possible for any one to believe (whatever may have been my errors of judgment) that I should have purposely injured a building so dear to me.

Mr. Loftie begins by saying that "the works, as carried out, have already been the subject of controversy." No one knows this better than himself, for it was he who raised

¹ Mr. Hull, the geologist, in his *Treatise on Building Stones*, says of Portland stone: "previously to 1623 this stone does not appear to have attracted any attention."

that controversy and was, as I think, signally discomfited.

He begins with a thrice-told tale about the tower having been "stripped of its original plaster." This has been more than once fully explained, but is too good a stone to remain unthrown. Mr. Loftie has, however, in the interval of fight, forgotten his tale. It is clear that he now thinks that it was internal plaster which was thus stripped, for he goes on to say of the exterior of the tower that "*the exquisite weathering of the old bricks*" has been "*rudely removed*" and, again, that "*there was a venerable bloom on the bricks.*" Now, will it be believed that this "*exquisite weathering*" and "*venerable bloom*" are ascribed to brickwork which I was the first to expose to view, and which had never known what weather was since the days of Henry I., when the walls were coated with the mortar with which my critic accuses me of having "*daubed*" them "*everywhere*"? I can hardly be blamed for destroying beauties which existed in Mr. Loftie's brilliant imagination — and nowhere else.

The facts of the case are these: The tower, like the rest of the Norman structure, was built of Roman bricks from Verulam, and coated all over with plastering. This plastering had often gone out of repair, and been patched again and again in a not very sightly manner. It was once more in bad order, and was falling off in large flakes when I was repairing the tower, so much so that it was found necessary to remove it, with the full intention of repeating it. Here I suppose came in what he alludes to as "*the wishes of the townsmen,*" for I recollect arguing against some one's wishes, and urging that the tower was always meant to be plastered. So far, however, was I from being "*led by them,*" that I obstinately persisted in my own way, and began to replaster the walls, when on my next visit I was so horrified at their hideousness, that I at once re-stripped my own plaster, and have

exposed to view the entire structure of Roman brick. The "*pointing*" alluded to was simply to protect the decayed mortar-joints. I do not ask Mr. Loftie's opinion as to its necessity, he has no means of judging — while I have. Whether the Roman brick or the plastering which covered it be the best looking, I leave to others; but this being the largest structure in England of the Roman brick, the interest attached to that material, and the fact that the construction is now visible, at least make some amends for the loss of its coating of mortar.

As a matter of taste, pure and simple, there is room for two opinions. Sir Edmund Beckett likes it, Mr. Stevenson does not, and while Mr. Loftie is not quite sure what we have done (whether plastering or unplastering) he dislikes it, whatever it may be. We find the editor of Mr. Murray's *Guide to St. Alban's Cathedral* saying that "*the tile-work, which is the great feature of St. Alban's, is thus shown in its integrity, and the tower has infinitely gained in beauty of tone and colour,*" and the editor of his *Handbook to the Environs of London* (Mr. Loftie's text-book for St. Michael's) saying that "*lastly, to the great improvement of its appearance, the remaining cement was stripped from the exterior, the mortar repointed, and the structural character fairly exposed to view.*"

Mr. Loftie next attacks the interior, which he says has been "*simply gutted.*" By this he means that the pewing, galleries, &c., have been removed. He omits, however, to give the reason for their removal. This was not done, in the first instance, with any notion about the incongruity of such fittings, but simply because the central tower, under or near which most of them were placed, threatened to fall, and the space occupied by them was imperatively required for the timber shoring, excavations, and new foundations requisite to render it secure. Mr. Loftie mentions the "*Georgian oak panelling.*" Any one

who looks at Neale's view of the interior of the choir, will at once observe that this panelling inclosed the two eastern piers of the tower in which the chief danger existed. How, then, let me ask, were these pillars to be repaired (one of them was crushed for seven feet deep into its substance) without removing the panelling? The same was the case with the adjoining walls of the presbytery. One, at least, of them was crushed throughout its length beneath the casing of this "Georgian panelling." How was it to be rendered safe while this remained? It was as much as we could do to save it at all. If the panelling had remained the tower would probably not now be standing.

"But," it will be asked, "why not have refixed this panelling when the work was done?" One reason why was that it covered up on either side the ancient doorways into the presbytery, the beautiful tabernacle-work over which had been ruthlessly hewn down, probably to make way for it. New openings had been rudely cut through the walls to the eastward of these, and it became necessary to security that these should be solidly walled up, and consequently that the older ones should be re-opened just where the wainscoting was. But "why not refix the old pewing, galleries, &c.?" Our work had been begun for the safety of the building, but it had grown into restoration. A bishopric was hoped for and then promised. The galleries, &c., had already partly disappeared before we began, and the organ shown at the west end of the choir in Neale's view had yielded to one (on a sufficiently absurd design) in the transept. But what need is there of explanations? Let any reasonable being take a glance at Neale's or Clutterbuck's views, and ask himself whether, when the Abbey Church should become a cathedral, it would be possible to retain such fittings? They dated, I believe, from 1716 to 1801, with other parts erected within the last fifteen

years. I know of no "Elizabethan" work or "traces of the Stuart period" earlier than Queen Anne's time. The pulpit will, no doubt, be retained.

I may add that Mr. Loftie speaks of the oak as "black with age." He is not perhaps aware that oak does not get black with age, but with oil and varnish. The "Watching Loft" is of far greater age than the work he laments, but shows more disposition to become *white* than *black* with age.

Mr. Loftie winds up his remarks on this most venerable building by saying that "it would have been impossible, three years ago, to believe that it could be made to look so new by any expenditure of thought or money."

I write while fresh from St. Alban's, and I simply meet this statement by denying it. True, that where the tower piers have been repaired to save the building from destruction their new plastering necessarily "looks new." True, that where stone details of windows had so perished that it had for many years been thought hopeless to glaze them, the renewal or repair of such portions must necessarily look in part new. True, that where dirt has given place to cleanness, it may look newer for the operation, just as any other building, when repaired, looks fresher than before. But I assert that not only the real antiquity, but the old *look* of the building has been thoroughly respected. Wherever the whitewash is scraped off old paintings and inscriptions appear; and, contrary to what is usual, where stonework is divested of its whitewash, its darker colour gives it a look of even increased age. The building was in a degree a ruin, and *must* be repaired. Five whole bays of the nave clerestory had scarcely a square yard of old stone surface remaining, while the aisle roof below

¹ The glass had been replaced by open brickwork which Mr. Loftie has, I believe, elsewhere called Elizabethan lattice work, but which has been shown to have been put in by a man now living.

them was after each successive winter strewed thickly with the *débris* annually brought down. Is this state of things to remain because, forsooth, some can be found to prefer ruin to reparation? This glorious temple *must* not, and so far as I am concerned *shall* not, be left to crumble on to its destruction, but I hope to redeem it at the smallest possible cost of real and apparent antiquity.

I will not, however, further defend my own course as regards this building. Mr. Street, in recently addressing the Institute of British Architects, said that as to St. Alban's Abbey he (Mr. Street) could only say that the work which had been done there under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott was the opening to us of what was practically a sealed book, and he could hardly conceive that anybody who at all cared for mediæval art could object to what had been done there.

The rector of St. Alban's, in writing to express his "admiration" of "the ingenuity displayed" by Mr. Loftie, goes on to say:—"I can positively affirm that Mr. Loftie's statement that the exquisite weathering of the old bricks has been rudely removed is absolutely untrue. The only external portions of the building where they were exposed to the weather have not been touched, while the tower, where they had been plastered over, and could by no possibility have gathered any bloom, now reveals them; and even the last three winters have given them a weathering which will grow more charming as years roll on. So far from the tower looking 'modern' (as 't did when it was succeeded) the course after course of the tiles of old Verulam now exposed to view impart an appearance of unique antiquity, and tell even the chance beholder the story of the pile. I shall never forget Charles Kingsley's enthusiastic admiration when I had the pleasure of pointing this out to him." After saying what I have already stated about the old pulpit, he suggests that Mr. Loftie "might have told his readers of the

finding of the Shrine of St. Amphibalus; of the discovery of the charming perpendicular doorway and stone screen in the south presbytery aisle; also of the lovely fourteenth century choir ceiling; of the restoration of the old levels, adding to the height of the interior of the building in some places as much as two feet; of the discovery of the foundations of the old choir stalls, whereby you have been able to replace their successors on the old lines." He mentions also the ancient tile pavements and wall paintings, the beautiful presbytery entrance, &c., but adds "only this would not have agreed with the indictment."

Mr. Ridgway Lloyd, the great local antiquary of St. Alban's, who has done so good a work in elucidating its history, writes to me also to express his indignation at the attack. After telling me that watching the progress of the work had been one of his greatest pleasures for several years, he says:—

"With your permission I will give a few instances to show the conservative character of your work.

"The Georgian (not Elizabethan) oak panelling in the presbytery was of no great merit, and its removal was most fortunate, since it served to hide the fractures in the north-east pier of the lantern tower, which so nearly led to the destruction of the central tower, and a great part of the eastern limb of the church. It also concealed from view the priest's doorways as well as the canopied structure over the southern of these doorways. That over the north door is certainly new [though following old indications], but soon after it was finished, some finials [pinnacles] belonging to its predecessor were found in the Saint's chapel, and at once the new finials were cut off and the old ones substituted.

"It is true that after the two eastern piers carrying the lantern towers had been partly rebuilt with brick and cement, they were plastered over to match their fellows on the

western side, but who would wish it otherwise?

"In the Lady Chapel, in almost every instance in which the wall-arcading has been renewed, old and new work may be seen side by side, the former by its presence attesting the faithfulness of the latter.

"One most valuable of the many discoveries made during the restoration is that of the ancient paintings on the ceiling of the choir. This was until recently adorned with a series of 17th century paintings indifferently executed, but it was discovered that the panels bore an earlier design beneath. The later painting having been carefully removed, a splendid series of thirty-two heraldic shields (date *circa* 1370) was disclosed, showing the mediæval arms assigned to the Saints Alban, Edward the Confessor, Edmund, Oswyn, George, and Louis; the emperors Richard (Earl of Cornwall) and Constantine; the kings of England, Scotland, Man, Castile and Leon, Portugal, Sweden, Cyprus, Norway, Arragon, Denmark, Bohemia, Sicily, Hungary, Navarre, France, and the Crusader king of Jerusalem; as well as those of several of the sons of Edward III. There are also several sacred devices, including the coronation of our Lord and St. Mary, and, in addition, nearly the whole of the *Te Deum* in Latin, and a number of quotations from the Antiphons at Matins and Lauds from the Sarum Antiphoner. This discovery, which is entirely due to the work of restoration, it is impossible to estimate too highly. Among lesser 'finds' may be mentioned the two pits for heart burial, one in the Lady Chapel and the other in the south transept; both have been most carefully preserved."

Of the entire work of restoration, reparation, or whatever we may call it, I may say that it has been replete with the most important discoveries; that it has been characterised by the most studious conservatism; that it has saved the building from destruction; and that it is gradually fitting it for

its advance to the rank of a cathedral, without the loss of any object of antiquity.

Passing over a number of less important matters, we will now proceed to Canterbury Cathedral.

Mr. Loftie introduces the subject by giving an account of all the things done to the Cathedral for the last half century, including the erection of the south-west tower, which, with the reparation of its fellow tower, he mysteriously describes as being "in the style now universally recognised as that of Camberwell;" an expression I do not understand, unless it be a means of connecting it with myself, I having, thirty-five years back, built a church at Camberwell, though as far as possible from being in that style. I beg, however, to clear the ground by saying that I have never carried out any work in connection with Canterbury Cathedral. The question at issue, however, relates to the proposed refitting of the choir, and I have elsewhere stated it as follows:—

We do not know what were the fittings of the choir at Canterbury after its restoration in 1180. Very probably they were only temporary. "We have, however, records of their being renewed by Prior De Estria about 1304. He is especially said to have decorated the choir with beautiful stonework, a new pulpitum (or rood loft) and three doorways. The fittings, &c., then introduced continued undisturbed till long after the great Rebellion. It is probable that they had been much injured during that period; and we find that Archbishop Tenison, in 1702, removed all the old stallwork; concealed the beautiful side screens of De Estria by classic wainscoting; and substituted pewing for the side stalls; but, to the west, erected new return stalls with very rich canopies, concealing entirely the pulpitum or rood screen of De Estria. The wainscoting of the sides was removed about 1828, leaving the pewing backed up by De Estria's side screens.

The Dean and Chapter now desire to substitute for these pews as near a reproduction as may be of De Estria's stalls. We have found parts of them below the flooring, and trust to find other fragments from which their pattern may be recovered. The difficulty, however, is with the western or return stalls: for behind them we find De Estria's pulpitum or rood screen with its original and rich colouring, and apparently complete, excepting the stone canopies of the Priors' and Sub-Priors' stalls, which were rudely hewn off when Tenison's stalls were erected. We want to preserve both the stalls and the more ancient objects which they conceal. I love Tenison's stalls well, but I love De Estria's pulpitum more. Some probably take the contrary view. Why should not both be gratified?

Now this is a very fair subject for discussion and difference of opinion; and the more so as this is practically "*Queen Anne*" work, and to the special lovers of that style its removal would naturally be exasperating. For myself I do not in the least degree wish its removal on account of any discrepancy between it and the surrounding architecture. Some have gone so far as that; for my part I have no sympathy with that feeling, but the reverse. My own leanings entirely arose from my excitement at the discovery (or re-discovery) of De Estria's pulpitum, hidden behind Tenison's stalls, which I do not hesitate to say filled me with an enthusiasm with which the devotees of *Queen Anne* cannot be expected to sympathise. That work is described by those who desire to minimise it as small in quantity and greatly mutilated. I have devoted much time to it, and have to state that it is almost entire, having only suffered from the mercilessness of Archbishop Tenison's workmen, who, while putting up the stalls, chopped away the two canopies and much of the mouldings of the central doorway. The necessity for restoring the inner face of the side screens in 1828, when Tenison's wainscoting

was removed, no doubt arose from its like barbarous treatment by the same men. It is droll to find the enthusiastic advocates of the style of the last century arguing, from the havoc made in older work by their demi-gods, that it is hopeless and almost beneath contempt to try to recover the older work from their depredations.

Putting, however, such considerations aside, the simple question is this: having a *Queen Anne* work placed in front of a mediæval work, each possessing its own class of merit, ought we to be content with seeing *one*, or ought we to endeavour to render *both* visible? I took the last-named view, and suggested that a worthy position should be sought for Tenison's work, and that the choir screen, —the "pulpitum" of Prior de Estria —should be exposed to view. Mr. Loftie has spoken of this idea as "a new design by Sir Gilbert Scott founded on a fragment." He speaks of "the portion of it already restored behind the altar" (which does not exist) and says "could we be certified that the stone screen exists intact behind the panelling, we might hesitate. But nothing of the kind is asserted. A small portion only remains, and from it an eminent architect is prepared to reconstruct the whole." He has elsewhere described what is proposed as "modern work in imitation of some fragments of a stone screen of the 14th century." Mr. Morris speaks of it as "Sir Gilbert Scott's conjectural restoration," and again, as "the proposed imitation, restoration, or forgery of Prior Eastry's rather commonplace tracery."

The facts are that the old screen, or "pulpitum," remains throughout its extent in very fair condition, with its ancient colouring nearly complete and exceedingly beautiful. It is true that the barbarous mutilations made in putting up Tenison's work have left a few parts in some degree to conjecture; but the evidences left *in situ*, aided, it may be fairly hoped, by fragments still to be found, will

probably bring these exceptional parts into the region of certainty, just as the discovery of the two thousand fragments of the shrine of St. Alban led to the re-erection of that structure without a jot or tittle of new work or a single modicum of conjecture. Anyhow, what is aimed at is the exposure to view of an actual and ancient work—not its restoration, for, with few exceptions, *it is there*.

Another reason in favour of exposing to view this fine old work is that Canterbury differed from many other Cathedrals in having no canopied stalls excepting those of the two great dignitaries. In this it agreed with the sister (or daughter) Cathedral at Rochester, where we have evidences of the same arrangement. Tenison altered this by adding canopies to all the returned stalls, and thus ignored the traditions of the building.

It is the fashion of the critics to underrate the screenwork of De Estria, but we find Professor Willis describing it (the *side screens*—he never saw the western one) as consisting of “delicate and elaborately worked tracery,” and again saying of it, “the entire work is particularly valuable on account of its well-established date, combined with its great beauty and singularity.” He also speaks of “the beautiful stone inclosure of the choir, the greatest part of which still remained.” The ancient obituary of Prior de Estria calls it “most beautiful stonework delicately carved.”

Those who seek to underrate it also try to make the most of the restorations which followed the removal of the wainscot work in 1828; but Professor Willis speaks of it as “in excellent order.” Mr. Parker tells us that he saw and studied the screen work when unrestored, and speaks of it as “a very beautiful piece of fourteenth-century work.” No doubt it suffered much from the reparation of Tenison’s mutilations, but if these authorities speak so strongly of its present beauty, what would they say to the parts still concealed which have never

been touched by reparation? Some parts of the side screens themselves retain their ancient colouring, so that even they cannot be so far gone from their old state as is described.

Mr. Loftie, in one of his letters, says “that very little is left of the construction of Canterbury Cathedral older than the present reign” (1) but Mr. Morris’s fear is that “before long we shall see the noble building of the two Williams [of the 12th century] confused and falsified by the usual mass of ecclesiastical trumpery and coarse daubing.” Let him be assured that, whether it be of the 12th or 19th century, there is no idea of touching it; on the contrary, in my paper read before the Institute of Architects in 1862, the following passage occurs, and the principles there advocated for the exterior may be supposed equally to actuate us in dealing with the interior:—

“Imagine for one moment, by way of illustration, that unequalled ‘history in stone,’ the eastern half of Canterbury Cathedral, so admirably described and unfolded by Professor Willis, if the hand of indiscriminating restoration had passed over it! The works of Lanfranc, of Conrad, of William of Sens, and of the English William, whose intricate interminglings now form a history at once so perplexingly entangled and so charmingly disentangled; and which together present the very best illustration existing in this country of the changes of architectural detail from the conquest to the full establishment of Pointed architecture; and must ever form the very text-book of the architectural history of that period, as being at once the most perfect in its steps, the most completely chronicled, and the most admirably deciphered. Imagine, I would say, this treasury of art-history reduced to an unmeaning blank by the hand of the restorer, either all indiscriminately renewed, or one half renewed and the other scraped over to look like it; the coarsely-axed work of the early Norman mason, the

finer hewing of his successor, and the delicate chiselling of the third period, all scraped down to the semblance of the new work by the same indiscriminating *drag*, or replaced by new masonry, uniting all periods into one, or else making a mimic copy of their distinguishing characteristics ! I take an extreme imaginary illustration, because the work in question, as it remains in its authenticity, forming the most precious page of our architectural history, is so well known as to place the principle I am speaking of in a clearer light than if I took a less marked example."

This Canterbury question is, however, as I have before said, a fair subject for *fair* discussion ; and I will add no more than this—that, while I heartily sympathize with the new movement for the preservation of ancient monuments in its leading aims, I must protest against its being carried to the length of leaving our ancient buildings to fall into ruin, or to retain (in all

cases) the effects of mutilation, disfigurement, and decay. And, as quite a secondary objection, I would venture respectfully to suggest that the legitimate aims of the movement are hardly likely to be furthered by overstatement or misrepresentation.

GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT.

P.S.—It is rather comical to think how much more is said about moving Gibbons's returned stalls—if indeed they be Gibbons's—from the position they were made for at Canterbury, than about the removal of his corresponding stalls from the position they were made for at St. Paul's. This may, however, be accounted for on the ground of the latter being a *fait accompli* ; but what will be said to spending 40,000*l.* on obliterating Thornhill's paintings in the dome of St. Paul's in favour of mosaics of our own day, though arranged and directed by a "Committee of Taste" !

MODERN DIPLOMACY.

THERE has always been a great difference of opinion as to the characteristics and practical utility of diplomacy. Viewed from one side, it has been celebrated for its wholesome moral influence and beneficial effect on human affairs, while from another side it has been decried as mere craft and duplicity, or a hollow pretence of ordering events which are beyond its control. There can be no doubt that, in its best sense, diplomacy is, or might be, a great force in the world, and that momentous results from time to time depend upon its operations. Some years ago Mr. Gladstone glorified it as "one of the highest kinds of civilization," inasmuch as "on the field of controversy between nations, where formerly nothing was settled except by the sword, the reason of man has now stepped in, and in fair argument the rights of nations are settled and upheld." It was probably a recollection of this declaration which led M. Guizot, during the French-German war, to address a letter to this statesman, in which he urged him to use his influence with his countrymen to bring about mediation between the belligerents. He pointed out that, while there had been many things in the general policy of Europe since 1815 to be condemned and regretted, there was at least "one great new principle which has met with universal recognition in Europe for more than half a century; there has never been any question of a war of ambition for the sake of conquest; no European Power has attempted by mere force to aggrandise itself at the expense of other Powers; and respect for international law and peace has become the fundamental maxim of international policy." This, he held, "was the most important and valuable political fact on record in the first half

of the century," and had had "more influence and power in helping to re-establish principles of right and justice as between governments and peoples, in promoting the development of the resources of the different nations, and the progress of civilisation throughout the world, than any other event during that period." M. Guizot cited the formation of Switzerland and Belgium into neutral States, under the protection of the Great Powers, as a proof of the good results of conjoined action; and suggested that this valuable principle was "capable of extended application, and that the Powers should exert themselves to maintain the balance of power, the tendency of which had been for four centuries to save Europe, in spite of her faults, crimes, troubles, and misfortunes, from being at the mercy of violence and chance." This may be thought to be somewhat too favourable and sanguine a view of the subject; but there can be no question that the Treaty of Vienna and the arrangements as to Switzerland and Belgium had, on the whole, a tranquillising effect. Lord Dalling (Sir Henry Bulwer) has also given examples from his own experience of war being averted by timely interventions on the part of diplomatists; as when in 1840 the relations of England and France were strained by complications in the East; when afterwards, having threatened Spain and France to take possession of the African coast opposite Gibraltar, Sir Henry, without instructions, and on his own responsibility, settled the difficulty by getting Spain to withdraw; and further, when there was a danger of hostilities between the United States and England on account of a question in connection with the Nicaraguan Consul. Other evidence of a similar kind might no doubt be

quoted as to the beneficial effects of diplomacy when undertaken in good faith, in the way of substituting confidence and good-will for suspicion and hostility, and settling differences so quietly that they are never heard of.

On the other hand, there is no lack of hard things said about diplomacy and diplomatists. There is an old definition of "ambassador," as "one who lies abroad for the good of his country;" and the First Napoleon seems to have shared this opinion, for in his instructions to Prince Eugène Beauharnais as to his conduct as viceroy in Italy, he says: "An ambassador will not say any good of you, because his trade is to say all the bad he can. Foreign ministers are, in all the force of the term, titled spies." The Duke of Morny has also been credited with the *mot* that "diplomacy is the art of deluding others without appearing to do so." It is said that a Russian minister, Chancellor Bestoujef, who was a perfect speaker, feigned to stutter. In his conversations with foreign agents he was scarcely intelligible, and he complained of being deaf and not understanding what was said to him. He was also in the habit of writing his diplomatic notes in an almost illegible handwriting. There may be some exaggeration in this story, but experience seems to suggest that, though diplomatists may not be all such deliberate impostors as the one just described, diplomacy is in a great degree a system of deceit. Macaulay, in one of his letters, mentions Talleyrand talking at Holland House about Metternich and Cardinal Mazarin, and distinguishing between them by saying, "Le Cardinal trompait, mais il ne mentait pas; or M. de Metternich ment toujours, et ne trompe jamais." The amount of veracity to be found in diplomatic communications is certainly open to suspicion; and not less so that Talleyrand has protested against the prejudice with regard to diplomatists on this point. "Diplomacy," he says, in a fragment which has been extracted from his as yet unpublished Memoirs,

"is not a science of ruse and duplicity. If good faith is anywhere necessary it is above all in political transactions, for it is this that makes them solid and durable. Reserve is confounded with deception. Good faith never authorises the latter, but it allows reserve; and reserve often adds to confidence." The gloss on these observations may perhaps be found in the same authority's proverbial saying, that language was given to man only to disguise his thoughts. Truth in diplomatic usage is thus not, as a rule, the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and the suppression of an essential part of the truth is of course tantamount to falsehood.

Talleyrand himself may be taken as a characteristic type of the wily and unscrupulous diplomatist. Without being in any sense a great statesman, he had a quick eye for the drift of events, and rarely failed in the course of his long and devious career, in which he was on every side in turn, to identify himself with the winning cause of the day. It has been justly said that he was essentially the representative of *la politique expectante*. When asked at a critical moment what he meant to do, he replied, "To do? I never do anything. I wait." And in another case of doubtful conflict, he provided himself with cockades of the colour of each party, so as to be prepared for whatever might happen. In short, he was the man of the age who knew best how to profit by accomplished facts. It is needless to say that his reputation suffered from his unscrupulous ways, but even those who knew his treachery found him too useful to be thrown over. Towards the end of his life, he himself said to Thiers, "Do you know, my dear sir, that I have been for forty years the most morally discredited man in Europe, and yet I have always been powerful on the side of power." Guizot has said that, except in a crisis or Congress, Talleyrand was neither skilful nor prompt. "He excelled in treating by conversation and by the

use of social relations with isolated persons; but in the authority of character, fecundity of spirit, promptitude of resolution, power of words, sympathetic intelligence of general ideas and public passion, and all the grand means of action on men gathered together, he was wholly wanting. As a politician he was without scruples, indifferent to means, and almost to the end in view, provided that it tended to his personal success; coldly courageous in peril, he was suitable for the great affairs of an absolute government, but one with whom the open air and day of liberty did not agree." Mignet, who calls him "the prince of diplomatists," also says that if not the most dexterous of that class, he was at least the most roguish (*le plus fourbe*) and astute. Among the subordinate diplomatists of that day was Count Montrond, the tool of Talleyrand, who, without any visible means of livelihood, except gambling, managed to lead a luxurious life in Paris and London. Talleyrand was strongly suspected of going shares with Montrond in speculations on secret information as to foreign affairs; and a writer of authority has stated from his own knowledge that when Talleyrand was ambassador at London he used to leave Montrond in his carriage at the door of the Foreign Office during his interview with the Foreign Secretary, and that more than once Montrond, on receipt of a scrap of paper, suddenly drove off to the City by himself. He served as a spy under the Bourbons, and afterwards had a large pension from Louis Philippe for similar services.

Such men and such principles are certainly not calculated to win respect for diplomacy, and it is to be feared that even in modern days there are in some countries traces of the old taint. At any rate Talleyrand's theory as to the use of words is evidently not extinct. When Count de Karolyi, the Austrian ambassador at the Prussian Court, asked Count Bismarck whether he intended to annul the

Treaty of Gastein, dividing the Danish Duchies between Prussia and Austria, the reply was, "No, I have no such intention; but if I had, should I have given you a different answer?" which, it may be supposed, did not set at rest the Austrian ambassador's apprehensions. In fact, as the future showed, the Prussian Government did not desire to openly annul the Treaty, but preferred to keep it standing as a cover for more advanced designs. Again, at a more recent date, we find Prince Gortschakoff pledging himself to give information to the English Government as to the state of affairs in Central Asia, with the qualification that, though he might not tell everything, yet that everything he thought fit to tell would be strictly true—an example of the "reserve" which Talleyrand distinguished from a "ruse," though to most people they seem to be very much akin. There is another gift of speech which Mr. Kinglake attributed to Lord Raglan in his conversations with Marshal de Saint-Arnaud, and which represents another kind of reserve—"the power," as the historian puts it in his subtle analysis, "which is one of the most keen and graceful accomplishments of the diplomatist;—the power of affecting the hearer with an apprehension of what remains unsaid; a power which exerts great sway over human actions, for men are more urgently governed by what they are forced to imagine than by what they are allowed to know." Here the reserve is not so much a process of concealment as a stimulant applied to the imagination of the person addressed, which expands his ideas.

There is also a peculiar kind of outspokenness, which, as Lord Palmerston has pointed out, is conspicuous in the First Napoleon's political conduct, that, so far from hiding his designs, he purposely published even the most violent of them some time before they were put into execution, so that by familiarity people might become used to them, and that there should be no shock of surprise when they at last

happened. To a certain extent Prince Bismarck—who, at the present day discussed in his domineering aggressiveness and unscrupulous methods of policy, presents a close resemblance to the great Emperor—has also adopted the practice of making curious confidences, not indeed to the world at large, but to the eading personages with whom he has to deal. M. Klackzo, who has had good opportunities of studying this statesman, gives the following account of his impression of his character:—“No one can doubt his prodigious talent in dissimulation, and the supreme art with which he dresses up the truth. He has the genius to know how to give his frankness all the political virtues of *fourberie*. Very cunning and astute as to means, he has also shown extraordinary impulsiveness and indiscretion.” In some instances, however, his indiscretions were no doubt calculated and intentional. The wild way, for instance, in which he used to talk of the designs of Prussia for the future, and the proposals he made, or at least insinuated, as to a division of spoils between Prussia and France, drew from the Emperor frequent “asides” to Mérimée, who accompanied them in their walks up and down the terrace of the Chateau and the sands, “What a mad fellow it is!” It is said that Bismarck had also his private opinion that the Emperor was “the embodiment of misunderstood incapacity.” However that may have been, there was certainly a method in his madness which afterwards bore fruit, for the temptation gradually worked on Napoleon, and led him to think that, after all, a re-arrangement of Europe by France and Prussia to the advantage of each was a more feasible scheme than it had at first seemed.

This indeed has been the course of Bismarck's tactics throughout his whole career. In the preliminary Schleswig-Holstein negotiation he deluded both Lord John Russell and the Danish minister at Berlin with the idea that he himself was a true friend

of Denmark, and was using his influence to preserve its integrity, while all the while treacherously undermining it. His policy was much the same with regard to Austria, whose reasonable suspicions of Prussia he lulled by representing himself as anxious to bring the troublesome Bund under the joint control of the two great German states, who would rule Germany in concert. Yet during this period he was secretly plotting against Austria, and bent on annexing the Elbe provinces, together with the valuable port of Kiel, for his own country; and finally excluding Austria from Germany. The King of Hanover is believed to have been similarly betrayed by delusive communications from Prussia. It may also be noted as a curious circumstance illustrative of the Prince's ways, that Lord Salisbury's account of his interview with the Prince at Berlin, in November last, when on his way to the Conference, has never been published, although Lord Odo Russell mentions in a despatch that “his Lordship has reported to Her Majesty's Government the impressions received from his visit;” and that it was his own “pleasing duty” to state that the reception of the plenipotentiary was most cordial; that his visit gave pleasure; and Prince Bismarck recognised its “value and importance;” and, in conversation with leading men, had paid the highest tribute to his Lordship's great qualities as a statesman and as a negotiator.” It is possibly only Lord Salisbury's modesty which prevents this flattering certificate from being given to the world; but it may also be suspected, from the Prince's confidential outbursts on other occasions, that he took the opportunity of overwhelming the Plenipotentiary by his effusive candour as to his own schemes for the settlement of all European difficulties, so that he might bind him over not to divulge anything which passed. M. Boucher, in his *Récits de l'Invasion*, gives some amusing particulars which he received

from M. Thiers, after that gentleman's visit to the Prince at Versailles, which throws some light on his affable terms with visitors. Leaning with both arms on the table, Bismarck suddenly interrupting the business discussion which was going on, asked permission to smoke a cigar, which was of course granted; and he then relaxed into a gossiping conversation, full of anecdotes and reminiscences upon all sorts of subjects, and beguiled M. Thiers into a similar strain of lively talk. When, after a time, M. Thiers wished to resume the question on which he had come, Bismarck seized him by the hand, and exclaimed pathetically, "No, let me continue yet a little while; it is so delightful to find oneself once more with a civilised being." In Lord Salisbury's case it was about ten o'clock at night that the interview took place, and it may be imagined that he also was received as a civilised being, with whom it was the Prince's delight to commune heart to heart, and that the results of the talk were somewhat more discursive and intimate than would be suitable for record in a Blue Book. Anyhow, the fact remains that Lord Derby resolutely refuses to let it come to light.

Perhaps, on the whole, the personage who has most cast discredit on modern diplomacy, and diverted it to evil uses, is the Emperor Napoleon III. In the *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie*, M. Henri d'Ideville, who was at a critical time attached to the French embassy at Turin, gives a graphic picture of his august master's habits with regard to foreign affairs. He says that Napoleon, though full of good intentions, was a *rêveur borné*, and always mysterious and reserved as to his plans, as to which indeed he was fluctuating and uncertain up to the last moment, when his ideas might take an unexpected direction. "Do you see," said Cavour one day to D'Ideville, "your Emperor will never change; his fault is always to con-

spire; yet is he not absolute master, with a powerful country and a great army at his back, and Europe tranquil? What, then, has he to fear? Why should he constantly disguise his thought, and seem to go straight when he means to turn to the left, and *vice versâ*? Ah, what a marvellous conspirator he makes!" Upon which M. d'Ideville remarked, "Yes, and you have been a conspirator too!" "True," said Cavour; "but I could not help it; it was absolutely necessary to keep things secret from Austria. But your Emperor will remain for ever incorrigible. I knew it long ago. At this moment he could march right on, openly fulfilling his end. But no! he prefers to throw people off the scent, and to go off on a sudden track—to conspire, in fact—to conspire always! This is the turn of his genius; it is the *métier* he professes; he examines it like an artist, as a *dilettante*, and in this rôle he will ever be first." Another witness, who knew the Emperor well, said of him—"He is a man of events; confident to folly in his destiny, in his star, he had the conviction that at the right moment fate would take care to deliver him from embarrassment. It was chance alone which made him a great man in the eyes of the vulgar. A *bonheur insensé*, an unparalleled luck, has saved him up to this day, and he has allowed himself to be led by events."

There can be no doubt that this was Louis Napoleon's character to the core. It was as a conspirator that he snatched his crown, and in all his career he acted in the same spirit. During the Crimean war he was continually hatching diversions from settled arrangements and points of policy; and when peace was arrived at he went round insidiously to the Russian side, and deprived the Allies of some of the conditions which were essential to a permanent settlement, and the want of which have since given rise to complications which might have been prevented if taken at the right

time. His liberation of Italy was accompanied by plots against its unity; his policy as to the Pope, capricious and vacillating, embarrassed the Italian government; and though he afterwards got it Venetia, it was only to serve his own purposes, and to give him importance in Europe. He also felt that his position would be strengthened by a conflict between Prussia and Austria, whichever might win, and for years he did all he could to bring one about. In 1850, while President of the Republic, whose open policy was a professed desire for peace, he sent his friend De Persigny on a private mission to Berlin to sound the King, and suggest that the Prussians should seize an early opportunity of getting up a war with Austria. At the end of 1855 the Emperor sent the Marquis of Pepoli on a similar errand, to point out that "Austria represented the past, Prussia the future; and that, as long as Austria stood in the way, Prussia would be condemned to a state of inaction which could not satisfy her, for a higher destiny awaited her, and Germany expected her to fulfil it." In 1861, during the King of Prussia's visit to France, a grand scheme was started of great agglomerations of territories by the three races, Roman, Slavonic, and Germanic, and there was talk of France extending her frontier in the direction of Belgium and Holland. When the Austro-Prussian war occurred, Napoleon expected to be able to interpose as mediator, and that it would be easy to obtain a territorial extension of France. In this, however, he was disappointed, and it was his rankling resentment against Prussia for its curt refusal of his demands in 1866 which led up to the war of 1870.

On the whole, then, it would appear that, though the ideal of diplomacy which is held up as an example of its perfection by Mr. Gladstone and M. Guizot, would no doubt, if it were successfully carried out, be a great

blessing for the world, as a matter of fact, the system which has actually been practised in recent years is of a very different character, and has been associated with very different motives and objects. A rampant spirit of aggression and covetous desire has been at work; and though some of the objects aimed at may have been justifiable enough, the means adopted were in too many cases inconsistent with a sound code of international law. Any one who looks back to the general course of diplomatic policy on the Continent after the establishment of the Second Empire, must see that it led the way in a restless meddlesomeness which has produced a general unsettlement of the conditions on which alone the peace of Europe can be steadily preserved. As it happened, the liberation of Italy has turned out well, but the way in which it was accomplished by foreign intervention, and the price to which the assisting power helped itself, were certainly perilous precedents; and there can be little doubt that the germs of disturbance which were thus sown had their development in the confiscation of the Danish Duchies by Prussia, and the subsequent exclusion of Austria from the German Confederation. Lord Russell, in commenting on the Treaty of Gastein, said very truly, "All rights, old and new, whether based upon a solemn agreement between sovereigns, or on the clear and precise expression of the popular will, have been trodden under foot by the Gastein Convention, and the authority of force is the sole power which has been consulted and recognised. Violence and conquest; such are the chief bases upon which the dividing Powers have established the Convention." Austria had a terrible penalty to pay for her connivance in this outrage, and its effects are by no means exhausted. It is curious now to look back upon the wonderful project of a Congress with which the Emperor Napoleon startled the world in 1863. It was a dream of the first

Buonaparte that Europe ought to be formed into a vast Empire to which he was to give laws dated indifferently from Paris, Rome, Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid; and that henceforth any contention among European States was to be deemed civil war. Napoleon III. was smitten with this conception, but knew of course that it had failed in his uncle's case, and was still more impracticable in these days. But he thought he might make good play for himself and France by getting up the plan of a general Congress to settle offhand all the difficulties of Europe. It is true that at the close of the Congress of Paris, when everybody was for the time sick of war, there was a feeling in favour of taking means to check it as much as possible; and with that view a protocol was adopted, in which it was recommended that States between whom any serious difference might arise, should seek mediation by a friendly Power before appealing to arms. Lord Clarendon expressed a hope that this "happy innovation might receive a more general application, and thus become a barrier against conflicts which broke forth because it was not always possible to give explanations." This happy innovation remains, however, a mere paper figment. It is impossible to imagine any cases to which it would have been more applicable than in regard to the pretext of the spoliation of Denmark by Prussia, the struggle between Prussia and Austria, and the subsequent war between Germany and France; yet no serious attempt was made by the neutral Powers to apply the rule. If Napoleon had been loyal and sincere in the professed desire for universal peace with which he summoned the abortive Congress, he might, in conjunction with England, have done much to arrest events which have caused great mischief to the principles of good faith and mutual consideration among nations; but it was not to be. The intense folly of the plan for raking up all the latent

troubles of Europe in the vain hope of settling them by "the deliberations of a Congress which would consist of demands and pretensions put forward by some and resisted by others, so that, there being no supreme authority in such an assembly to enforce the decision of the majority, the Congress would probably separate, leaving many of its members on worse terms with each other than they had been when they met," was clearly expressed in Lord Russell's incisive despatch, which at once exploded the bubble. Unfortunately it left a sting in the Emperor's breast which he had not the magnanimity to forget; and the breach between England and France which ensued was fatal to Danish interests. In the case of the war between France and Germany arising from the question as to a German candidate for the Spanish throne, the point in itself was nothing more than a reproduction of the dialogue of the retainers of the rival houses of Verona—"Do you bite your thumb?" "I do bite my thumb, sir." "Do you bite your thumb at me?" "No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb." And it is a pity that England, Russia, and Italy did not step in like Benvolio, and cry, "Part, fools, put up your swords; you know not what you do." Again, the hollow arrangement, for the neutrality of Luxemburg which was made in 1870, and the recent Eastern protocols, may be taken as other examples of the vapoury character of international intervention for the protection of public interests. The ministerial explanation was that a collective guarantee had rather the character of a moral sanction than a contingent liability to go to war, and that, unless all were agreed, no one party was called upon to do anything.

Lord Derby the other day laid down a sort of programme of diplomacy which deserves attention. He said, "We have to consider not only one particular point, but what is the state of matters over the whole world; and

we have to consider also the risk of involving ourselves in hostilities in any one part of the world where thereby we might disable ourselves from even necessary defence in some other place where our interests are much more threatened." And then he added: "I say this only in a general and theoretical manner, for my own part, having attended to foreign politics for a great many years. Not many convictions have been so permanently impressed on my mind as that of the utter incapacity of the—I do not say average man—but of the wise man, to foresee coming events." As to the latter part of this statement, though Lord Derby no doubt drew it from his own personal experience, the substance of it had already been anticipated by Mr. Nassau Senior, who imagined a plan for training Foreign Office clerks, who were to be periodically required to prophesy the issue of existing political "questions," and upon their success, as tested by subsequent events, was to depend their promotion to responsible office; and also by Lord Palmerston, to whom the observation did not apply, for he always looked forward. He said, "There are very few public men in England who follow up foreign affairs sufficiently to foresee the consequence of events which have not happened." A striking confirmation of this was given upon Lord Granville's succeeding Lord Clarendon as Foreign Secretary on the eve of the French-German war, when he stated on the authority of Mr. Hammond, that there never was a time when the political atmosphere of Europe was so serene and cloudless, and the prospects of peace so well assured. Before another day or two France and Germany were practically at war, and the Protocol of the Treaty of Paris, above referred to, was treated by both with great contempt. The reason was that they had made up their minds to fight, and wanted only an excuse, no matter how trivial or absurd.

The moral of all this business is in fact to be found in the comment of the Bishop of Fréjus on the proposal of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre for a European Diet (the precedent for Louis Napoleon's fantastic congress), to make peace all over the world, to the effect that one thing was wanting, to send a troop of missionaries to dispose the heart and spirit of princes. The truth is, that in the present day diplomacy is passing through a transition stage. The old system of diplomacy was essentially personal, and took account of only a narrow range of persons and interests. It was effective, because it was entirely under the control of those who worked it, and was directed by them to definite and well-understood aims. It was, in fact, a general agreement between some half-a-dozen gentlemen as to their common interests and mutual relations, and was conducted on their behalf by trusty experts, who enjoyed their masters' confidence, and knew exactly what they wanted. The gradual development of popular rights and opinion has now upset the old system—at least in our own country. The nation will not trust itself blindfold to any minister. Lord Palmerston was left pretty much to himself, and what he thought best that he could straightway give effect to. But Lord Derby has to consider not only what is best to be done, but how far the country will go with him. No foreign minister can now safely dispense with taking the country fully into his confidence—if he does, he runs the risk of finding himself left in the lurch. Further, any attempt at a game of brag, with a view to impressing foreign Powers, is attended by the peril of either being repudiated by public opinion at home or of being outrun by it, opinion getting excited in earnest. Hence secret and personal diplomacy is no longer practical for us. Absolute non-intervention is also impossible—and so is the old balance of power, which excluded moral force, took the measure only of physical power, and

was based on the selfish and ungenerous principle that physical force could only be used for bad ends, and was certain, when it existed in a superior degree, to be misused.

The only sound basis of modern diplomacy is not so much a material as a moral balance of force between nations, imitated from that between individuals in private society—the balance of honest men against rogues and burglars, of peaceable government against the roughs; a corporate balance of principle, and not of mere individual personal strength. Above all, as the people must now take part in diplomacy, they should learn a decent control of temper and language, and allow for their own ignorance of facts. Moreover, there is a decided want of plain, straightforward language in diplomatic communications. What a difference Lord Palmerston's style would have made at the present time. The policy which he deemed safest was that of honesty and candour, and when he had anything to say he said it in the plainest and most unmistakable language, as, for instance, when he wrote to Sir H. Bulwer at Paris:—"If Thiers should again hold to you the language of menace, however indistinctly and vaguely shadowed out, pray retort upon him to the full extent of what he may say to you; and with that skill of language which I know you to be master of, convey to him in the most friendly and unoffensive manner possible, that if France throws down the gauntlet we shall not refuse to pick it

up; and that if she begins a war, she will to a certainty lose her ships, colonies, and commerce before she sees the end of it; that her army of Algiers will cease to give her anxiety, and that Mehemet Ali will just be chucked into the Nile. I wish you had hinted at these topics when Thiers spoke to you; I invariably do so when either Guizot or Bourqueney begins to swagger; and I observe that it always acts as a sedative." And again, he says, "Nothing is more unsound than the notion that anything is to be gained by trying to conciliate people who are trying to intimidate us. I mean to conciliate by concession. It is quite right to be courteous in words, but the only possible way of keeping such persons in check is to make them clearly understand that one is not going to yield an inch, and that one is strong enough to repel force by force." The "great Eltchi" had also this distinctness of language; as Mr. Kinglake says:—"Every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey therefore the idea of duration." And those who remember the bold statement made to Prince Bismarck in February 1871, by Lord Odo Russell, who had been sent to Versailles in reference to the Black Sea question, will recognise a singular power of language on the part of that able and experienced diplomatist.

J. HAMILTON FYFE.

CAP—A NEW ENGLAND DOG.

CAP was the usual name of Captain; its owner being a large Newfoundland dog just crossed with the stag-hound, making him the handsomest animal I ever saw, standing very tall, with elegantly curved neck and long silky ears that one could pull down and meet under his chin. His whole head was a wonder of dog beauty, with long nose and wondrously expressive eyes, which laughed or cried with you, always sympathising whatever your mood might be; ready for a romp, or to come and press his nose through your arm, looking up with almost crying eyes, seeming to wish to show his sorrow at your grief. He had great tact, greater than many human friends, never obtruding his sympathy; but lying quietly down, his nose between his paws, he would watch every changing expression of face, till the time came when he thought he could offer tangible sympathy; then he would get up and come to you, seeming to wish by showing his own excessive love, to make amends for any shortcomings on the part of the world. And in return, having given his all, he wished the same, and could not put up with any division of affection with any other animal, scarcely with a human being; and his intelligence aided his jealousy in gaining the point. He always accompanied my father to the office, which was at the head of a *very long* flight of stairs, and there spent most of the day, amusing himself indifferently with looking out of the window and with the people coming to and from the office. One warm day, the door being open, and being much bored and put to it as to how to spend his time, he spied a black and tan dog which belonged across the street; acting on the impulse, he went down and invited him up; which

arrangement was very pleasing and satisfactory till, in the course of their play, Mr. Black and Tan jumped into a chair beside my father, who, attracted by the little thing, put out his hand and caressed him. Captain was very angry, and almost flew at the dog, then thought better of it, and bided his time. When Black and Tan got down, Cap was unusually amiable and frisky, playing with him round and round, always a little nearer and nearer the door, till, at the head of the stairs, he gave one great shove, and sent him flying to the bottom. And never was that little dog allowed over those stairs again. When he saw him coming, or when he himself wished for a play, he would go down and play in the hall below, or in the street, thus keeping full possession of his own domain.

He had a remarkable memory, recognizing friends by face or voice, though perhaps for a year or two absent, and would run, wagging body and tail equally, to meet them. But this was not so astonishing as his memory for things. Like all Newfoundlanders he was passionately fond of bathing, and had a certain stick which he always carried to the water, and on returning put in a particular place in our back yard; for, mind you, he had a bump for order. He put it away for the last time in October, the water being too cold to bathe later: snow came soon after, covering it up for months; and it was late in May before it was warm enough to swim again. My father said, "Cap! would you like to go to the water?" He jumped up, said "Yes" in his way, ran to the door, round the house, over the fence, had the stick and back again, panting with excitement. Some one coming just then, my father had

to say, "Not to-day, Cap, to-morrow:" slowly and lingeringly he walked back and deposited the stick. The next morning, however, on coming down, Cap was at the door, stick in mouth, apparently having perfectly understood the cause of delay, and determined to be in season to have no interruptions this time. Of course he was taken to the water immediately and had a grand bath: singularly this was the only occasion he was ever known to take his stick from its place without a particular invitation. Certainly he understood.

And he read character to a marvel, measuring each member of the household, understanding what he could, and what he could not, do with each. With those who could master him, he never held out uselessly, but yielded with a peculiar grace, quite his own; with those who could not, why he mastered them! Not overbearingly, but impudently; and when requested by them to do anything disagreeable to him, would wag his tail as much as to say, "I'm not in a mind to, and I know you won't make me."

They even laughed and said he understood the politics of the family, and from his amusing aversion to negroes one would suppose so, as he could never abide the sight of that African race. One night a coloured man being sent to the house with some ice-cream, shrieks and a general sound of rumpus brought us all to the kitchen, where Cap had half torn the clothes off the man, who, with rolling whites, now stood petrified and livid with fright; Cap making fresh plunges, carrying off pieces of clothing each time. Indeed, it was almost impossible to take the dog off, so inveterate was his hatred. The servants, on being questioned, said the man had done nothing. But never did he see one of this race, even in the street, without hot pursuit.

This was in the war time, when Fort Warren was hung over our heads—so much for his pluck and party principles!

Beggars he looked on with a suspicious eye, and always watched closely, but never molested.

Little dogs were treated by him with contempt—not noticing their presence, or even insults, at first; but if too persistent and intolerable, he would give them a sound shaking, and throwing them over, would look off into space—quite unconscious—an expression inimitable, I assure you. In general he did not affect dog company; carrying himself with a grand air and great dignity, he would look at them and pass on. Perhaps a sense of superior intelligence caused this *hauteur*, more probably family pride; for mark you, Cap was nephew to the Prince of Wales's dog, the Prince, while in this country, having had the finest specimen of a Newfoundland in the provinces presented to him. Whatever evolutions of thought Cap may have had, the fact is the same.

When a child, I had a severe typhoid fever, and every morning Cap was sent with a note tied to his collar with tidings of my welfare to my grandmother. Nothing could distract him on such an errand; but, when arrived at the house, he would go straight and lay his head in her lap till the note was untied. Then, considering his duty done he would go to the kitchen, be fed, and inspect the dinner—to which he always returned, if to his mind; but if it was to be of poultry, or game of any kind, they saw him no more that day.

My father bought Cap when a pup for us children to play with, and great fun we had. As we grew older he came into the house with us, our constant companion, my own especial friend and confidant. I told him everything, and he never peached. Thus constantly with us, and talked to, he learned to understand all that was said, whether directly addressed to him or not; and the following story is strictly true, incredible as it may seem.

My father and mother were reading, and one of them, noticing an article

about water standing in a room over night absorbing impure gases, and being unhealthy to drink, read it aloud, and remarked, "If that's the case, we must be sure and see that Cap's water is changed every morning." He had water always in mother's dressing-room, where he went and drank when he liked. Cap lay on the floor, apparently unobservant. The next day he went to a member of the family and asked for water; he had a peculiar way of asking for different things, so that those who knew him could tell his wants. She went to the dressing-room, and there was plenty of water. Cap looked at it, languidly tasted, and then looked up, thinking something must be the matter; it was turned away, and fresh water given him, which he drank. The next day the same thing occurred, and the next after, so as to be remarked, and an explanation asked, when the foregoing conversation was recalled; and never till the day of his death, three years later, did he touch a drop of water without having first seen it poured freshly out, though never before had he thought of objecting.

Captain slept in the house at night, on the broad flat landing where the stairs turned, thus having full view and command of everything; the doors were all left open, and every morning at about five he would go and put his nose in my father's hand and wake him up, apparently to tell him the night was safely past; being patted, and "All right Cap" said, he would go down, having completed his vigil, to await the first appearance of a servant, to let him out for his morning walk, which was usually short. Just before going to bed he also took a walk, which was not so sure to be short, if the night was pleasant—unless requested to return soon; he would then come back almost immediately. Whenever my father went away, he would lie at the foot of my mother's bed, realising there was a change, and that she needed protection.

He was essentially companionable, and could not tolerate being left alone,—not that I think he had sins to think of that made him unhappy, but he loved company, and would follow me miles on a walk; and it was on one of these walks, when I was older and alas! he too, that his first signs of advancing age showed themselves. The day was very warm, and Cap accompanied me to take a lesson some distance out of town. During the lesson he asked for water, which when brought he could scarcely reach, his hind legs being almost powerless. His endeavours to walk were most agonizing; he looking to me uncomprehending the cause, and asking for help. After a while he was better, and I started to walk home with him, there being no carriage or other conveyance obtainable in the place. We had gone but a short distance when Cap again wanted water, and I stopped at the country grocery store to get some. They brought it from the back of the store, but he could not drink, and lay down quite overcome. My own misery was intense, for I thought him dying. There was the usual gathering of a corner store, who all tried to console me with accounts of their dogs. One voluble Yankee told of his. "The little black one with white spots, you knowed him, you know!" I suppose I looked a little blank, for he said: "Anyhow, Jim did!" turning to the store-keeper for corroboration. "Wall, he got a-foul a toad one day, and was just so. He'll come out on it all right." Every one stopped who passed, till quite a crowd collected, each one with his own theory. In time a teamster with his dray loaded with lumber was passing, whom I hailed, told the necessities of the case, and he consented to unload his timber by the side of the road and take Cap home. The timber being taken off and Captain put in its place, the teamster started. Cap began to try to wriggle himself off the dray, not liking the distance between him and me on the side walk. He would have infallibly fallen off

between the wheels, so the man stopped—it was no go. I then got on and he made no further objection, so we journeyed into town, I holding an umbrella over his head, little thinking of the figure I cut!

When arrived at home, the veterinary surgeon was called, but not being able to attend immediately, father thinking Cap poisoned, applied all sorts of known antidotes. Among others, oil was poured down his throat, and in the resistance he bit my father—not viciously, but naturally, for who does not remember the days when some one held our noses, and another some one poured the detested castor oil down, and what vigorous remonstrances we made? When the surgeon came, he pronounced it a slight attack of paralysis, and we knew we should not have Cap much longer. He recovered though, and went about for a time as usual.

The garden was a delight to him, filled with fruit and flowers. One would think he really had a sense of the beautiful to see him stop at a rose bush and contemplate it. Indeed he did his best to keep things in order by not running across lots, but always in the paths with the utmost propriety. Fruit of all kinds he liked, especially gooseberries, which he picked for himself with great care, holding up his lips

and turning his head under the branch, then carefully pulling them off one by one. But if any one was in the garden, not he! That must be done for him. He would follow me from bush to bush, and if by chance I was more greedy than he thought proper, would get up, nudge me, and lie down again, reminding me of his presence, and that he must have his share.

In January of 1872 one evening Cap had gone for his walk; my sister passing through the hall heard a faint rap, and going to the door, Cap came in and up stairs. Noticing something strange in his walk, she called father, who came out of the library and spoke. Cap hearing his voice, ran to the stairs, and on attempting to descend fell headlong, and only stopped at the landing. We all knew what was the matter. Going up stairs my father put his arms under him, I behind, and we brought him down. There he lay, and could not bear to have us leave him, growing worse all the time, but responding to our caresses by a wag of the tail—less and less—till the very last, when only an inch moved; the rest of the body being quite stiff and rigid, and as the day left us, so did Captain.

THOS. K. WILLIAMS.

Portland, Maine, U.S.A.

A RUSSIAN ACCOUNT OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

For some months previous to the outbreak of hostilities with Turkey there appeared in the *Russki Invalid*—the St. Petersburg official military journal—a series of reports on the countries about to become the scene of military operations. These reports, excellent specimens of what military reports should be, are an indication of the care and forethought with which the enterprise on which the Russian army is now engaged has been prepared. It is evident that each detail has been carefully worked out, and the soldiers of the Tsar are now carrying out a scheme carefully elaborated beforehand. Success in war is too much a matter of accident to make it safe to predict the result; but this much may be said, that if careful organisation, forethought, and a full recognition of the difficulties to be encountered were the sole elements of success, then of a certainty the Russian arms would succeed; but, besides accidents, which may upset the best calculations, there are weak points in the constitution of the empire which react on the army: the bulk of the population is only partially civilised, and portions of territory more recently acquired have not been thoroughly assimilated, and are liable to become disaffected. The Russians themselves admit these sources of weakness. At any rate, it is impossible to withhold respect from the military chiefs who, undaunted by the disasters of the Crimean war, have toiled on and forged the terrible weapon now wielded by the Tsar. It will be regrettable if we in England, fearing for our interests in India, and feeling a natural sympathy with our old ally, should vent our irritation on the Russian army and people, and bring about a bitter feeling between

the two countries. Armies, it must be remembered, have nothing to do with the diplomatists who set them in motion. It would be quite logical to hope that Russian diplomacy may be utterly confounded, and even to wish some of their diplomatists at the bottom of the Dead Sea; and yet to sympathize with the soldiers who are now pushing forward to a death-struggle with their hereditary foe, over a country which has been the grave of so many thousands of their forefathers. The rank and file know nothing of strategical positions whose significance can only become manifest in, possibly, half a century of time; and they have no desire to bar the way to any part of the world against us or any one else. Their sole wish is to strike a hated foe, free their oppressed brethren, and return to their homes and neglected fields. There was something touching in the words of the Tsar to his soldiers as they moved on to the Pruth: "Protshaite Rebyeta" (Good-bye, children); and we, too, although fully determined to hold our own against all comers, may yet wish the Russian soldier "God speed." But to return to the reports on the scene of operations. The valley of the Danube and Bulgaria have been often and fully described, but of the seat of war in Asia, little authentic is really known, and that little is from the works of travellers who have merely passed through the country. The Russians claim that the only surveys¹ and reliable accounts of Asiatic Turkey

¹ A map of Asiatic Turkey has been lithographed at Tiflis by the Russian War Department; it is said to be a very good one, but there are difficulties in the way of a foreigner obtaining a copy.

are theirs, and their military paper refers with pride to the fact that it is to Russian military officers that the world is indebted for this information. The following brief account of the part of Asia Minor in which the Russian armies are now operating has been condensed from articles which have appeared in the *Russki Invalid* at different times.

The highlands of Armenia form the north-eastern portion of Asia Minor. About the centre of these highlands is the town of Erzeroum, at an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea level. In the vicinity of this town nearly all the principal rivers of Asia Minor flowing into the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Persian Gulf take their rise. The general feature of Asia Minor is a series of terraces or high lands, sloping gradually from east to south-west, the Armenian table-land being the highest of these terraces.

The Vilayet of Erzeroum is bounded to the north-west by the Vilayet of Trebizond, to the north-east and east by Russian and Persian territory, to the south and west by the Vilayet of Bagdad, and Siwas. It includes the Armenian table-land, which is traversed by mountain ranges separated from each other by plains, valleys, and lakes. These mountain ranges run parallel to one another; their sides are, as a rule, steep; but the plateaus and mountain tops are covered with rich pasture, and furnish food for vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. The highest peaks of the mountains of Armenia attain to an elevation of 16,000 feet.

Of the Armenian rivers the Churuk runs into the Black Sea at Batoum; into the Caspian Sea run the Kura and the Arax; into the Persian Gulf the Euphrates, and its confluent, the Tigris. As means of communication, the Armenian rivers are valueless; and owing to their sudden rise, they are often a great impediment to movement.

The roads in Asiatic Turkey are, as

a rule, very bad, owing partly to the semi-barbarous state of the country, and partly to the Turkish custom of travelling on horseback, and having their loads carried on beasts of burden. To such an extent do they carry this preference, that although there is a tolerable post-road between Erzeroum and Trebizond, until quite lately the mails were carried on pack animals.

Erzeroum is situated at the junction of all the chief roads leading through the province, and stands on the highway connecting the basin of the Black Sea, and consequently Europe, with the interior of Asiatic Turkey and Persia; its importance, both military and commercial, has not been exaggerated. The road from Erzeroum to Trebizond, described as the only good road in the province, cost the government 1,750,000 roubles; this road is continued to Tabriz in Persia. From Erzeroum there are roads to Ardahan, Kars, Erzinjan, Mush, Bitlis, and Van.

The climate of the Armenian highlands is temperate and healthy. It varies of course with the elevation. In places, the olive, cotton, and rice are found; in other parts the climate is too rigorous for wheat, and the inhabitants grow barley. The uninhabited mountain tops are visited only in summer when the wandering Khurdish tribes find excellent pasturage for their cattle.

The Erzeroum plateau, as already mentioned, is some 6,000 feet above the sea level. Winter begins here towards the end of November, and continues to March. The winter is cold, and there is much snow. The average temperature is 27° F.—lowest temperature, 3° below zero. After the beginning of March the snow begins to melt. During the day the thermometer usually stands above freezing point; rain and snow alternate, and by the end of the month the snow has disappeared; by the end of May it has almost entirely disappeared also from the mountain tops. The

summer is usually fairly cool, the average temperature 76° F. in the shade; the highest temperature in the sun is 100°—112° F. The rainfall is inconsiderable; the sky clear; evenings and nights cool. The range of temperature in the twenty-four hours is considerable. The mercury falls from 112° in the sun to 54°—60° at night. At the lower elevations, for instance, in the Valley of the Arax, the climate is milder. In winter the thermometer rarely stands so low as 23°. About Bayazid, in summer, the thermometer registers 135° in the sun.

The inhabitants of the Vilayet of Erzeroum are composed for the most part of three races—Turks, Khurds, and Armenians. The first are grouped mainly in the northern part of the province, the second in the southern portion, and the third in the south-eastern portion. The population of the province is 610,744 males (1,221,488 of both sexes), of these 427,712 are Mahometans and 183,042 Christians. "Judging from these figures, the composition of the population would appear to favour the maintenance of Mussulman power and the stability of their rule; on a nearer view, however, matters appear in a different light. The religious hatred which exists between the Sunites and the Shiites, which forms one of the elements of weakness of the Turkish empire, must be taken into account; also the fact that the Turkish government has not hitherto been able to bring into subjection the wandering Khurdish tribes, or to rely on their assistance; they therefore constitute an element always ready to turn on the side of the enemies of Turkey."

The Khurds (207,049 men), both in language and descent, are a distinct race, allied neither to Turks nor Tartars. Inhabiting the southern portion of Trans-Caucasia, the southern and south-eastern part of Anatolia, and the western part of Persia, they are divided into many tribes or

communities, ruled over by hereditary chiefs whose authority is by no means absolute. Some of the Khurds have acquired the rudiments of civil life, and occupy themselves with agriculture or handicraft, but the majority lead a wandering life, which has intense fascinations for them. In summer they roam over the mountains with their flocks and herds, and in winter retire to mud huts, built in deep valleys and ravines, where they vegetate until spring. Their ideas of religion are loose. They call themselves Mahometans of the sect of Omar, but of the tenets of Mahometanism they know little, and have only adopted some of the Mussulman ceremonies. They drink wine. Among the Khurds are Yezidies or Devil-worshippers, who profess an equal hatred for both Christians and Mussulmans.

The Khurds are described as a tall and warlike race, but untamed, and unfitted for regular soldiers; their armed force is composed exclusively of mounted men. In former wars the Khurds assisted the Russians, and although not much to be depended on, were found useful as scouts and guides.

Of the Turks (189,950 men) a Russian writer has naturally not much good to say. "The weak and apathetic character of the Turk has long been acknowledged. The Turks of the old school, who remember the past glories of the Turkish empire, display, in place of the warlike enthusiasm of their ancestors, a passive hatred of the Christian world, combined with an intense dislike of all change. The young Turks, who have acquired some rudiments of civilisation chiefly from European adventurers, have adopted all the vices of semi-civilisation. It must, however, be allowed that the Turks possess one merit—being the masters of subject races, they do not resort to shuffling and cringing, but act openly and above-board; their character is therefore free from

those blemishes which are characteristic of the oppressed—blemishes so deeply ingrained in the characters of the Armenians, Greeks, and Jews of Asia Minor.”

Armenians (157,583 men). The numbers of this race inhabiting Asiatic Turkey have diminished of late days. Since 1829 numbers are said to have emigrated to Russian territory. Their lot does not appear to be a pleasant one; they are oppressed by both Turks and Khurds. The population of Armenia is employed mainly in agriculture and tending cattle. The soil in places is extremely rich, returning crops of from fifty to a hundred-fold. The population have always abundance of wheat and barley in their granaries. “The produce of the country might be very much increased if a remedy were found for the unfavourable conditions in which the province is placed, viz., the want of a market, the insecurity of property, the heavy taxation, &c. At present 3,000,000 poods¹ of wheat, 2,000,000 poods of barley, 700,000 poods of rye are grown annually in the province. Besides this Armenia produces cotton, flax, hemp, tobacco, and wine, and in some parts rice and olives; added to this, during the greater part of the year there is excellent pasturage.” The country is not rich in wood, and a lack of fuel appears to be one of the drawbacks to its development; but coal has been found in Asia Minor. Sheep and cattle abound, but there is a lack of horses: the numbers are said to be—sheep, 3,000,000; goats, 1,000,000; horned cattle, 500,000; horses, 97,000.

The mineral wealth of Armenia is said to be great, but, with the exception of some salt works and stone-quarries, quite unworked. No attempt is made to work up raw material; the only factory in the province is one for making boots for the army. As regards the two principal fortresses, Erzeroum, situated about four miles

¹ A pood=fifty pounds English.

from the Euphrates, has a population of 60,000 inhabitants. It is a strongly fortified town, with a bastioned *enceinte*, a citadel, and detached forts flanking the approaches. The parapet of the fortress is of earth, from 25 to 30 feet thick; the ditch 77 feet broad, and from 20 to 24 feet deep. The citadel is of stone, in the centre of the town, and is used as a magazine and arsenal; it is not considered capable of making a prolonged defence against modern artillery. The Russians took Erzeroum in 1829, but it was then weakly fortified.

The fortifications of Kars, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, have been improved after each war between Russia and Turkey; they now consist of the old fortifications round the town (these are of little account), a citadel, and twelve detached outworks of strong profile, placed on well-selected sites round the town in a circle whose radius is about 3,000 yards. Kars is in fact an intrenched camp. It is divided into two parts by the Kars river.

It was not intended to burden this article with military details, but the following extract from the Petersburg paper of the 14th of this month (June) may interest non-military readers, as the situation is very clearly defined. The article is a long one and gives a detailed account of the fortifications round Kars; it concludes as follows:—

“Regarding the fortifications of the Kars intrenched camp, from the point of view of attack and defence, we come to the following conclusions—

“Its strong points are: 1. The favourable situation of the heights on which the works are placed, which command the surrounding country. 2. The mutual support afforded by the works to one another by artillery fire. 3. The rocky soil rendering siege and mining operations difficult.

“The weak points may be thus summed up:—

“1. The straggling nature of the defences caused by their being cut in

two by the deep ravine through which the Kars river flows, and the too great extension of the line of defence. 2. The absence of ditches to some of the works. 3. The difficulty of repairing damage to parapets, owing to the lack of earth. 4. the absence in some of the works of flanking defence for the ditches. 5. The insufficiency of shell-proof accommodation for men and stores. The barracks can accommodate some 3,000 men, and the magazines are not built to hold more than 50,000 poods of wheat, which is barely four weeks' allowance for the garrison. 6. The absence of water in most of the works and the difficulty of obtaining it from the Kars river. 8. The insecurity of the powder magazines from an enemy's fire. To this we may add the defence of Kars is rendered more difficult by the presence of a large civil population, who, in case of a blockade or a siege, will have to be fed from the garrison magazines."

Asiatic Turkey, as a field for military operations, is thus described:—"Regarded from a military point of view, that part of Asiatic Turkey which adjoins our frontier is by no means unfavourable for military operations; the population generally is not favourable to the Turkish rule; the resources of the country in corn, cattle, and pasturage are abundant, and there will be no lack of supplies if the inhabitants, finding they have nothing to fear from the army, remain in their villages and supply our troops on payment. The climate is healthy, and suited for the cantonment of troops if supplied with tents. The army can move along fairly spacious valleys in which they will generally find roads; the mountain passes, it is true, are difficult, and the country well suited for an obstinate defence. In conclusion," adds the *Russki Invalid*, "to capture Kars and Erzeroum we shall be compelled to exert our utmost efforts."

It is hoped that the above summary has given a fair idea of a portion of

Asiatic Turkey; it shows at any rate the careful way in which the Russian authorities have caused it to be examined before invading it. Should the invasion prove successful, and the Russians decide on retaining the province they have gained—we shall hear debated frequently enough the question—How will this affect England? The question is mainly, a commercial one, and hinges on the significance of Russia's having a grip on the land and river communications between Europe and Central Asia, through Asia Minor and Syria.

The possession of Erzeroum will give her at once the main road to Persia from the Black Sea and the head waters of the Euphrates. More than forty years ago Captain Chesney, in his report on the navigation of the Euphrates, called attention to the importance of Erzeroum, and even then looked on the Russians at Tiflis as dangerous rivals to us in the markets of Central Asia. Diarbekir is distant from Erzeroum, as the crow flies, some 120 miles, and is connected with it by roads. From Diarbekir there is a road, which was traversed by Von Moltke in 1837, to Biredschik, the point at which the Euphrates becomes navigable, and the station selected by Chesney for his steamers. The road, it is true, passes through the Mesopotamian desert, and there is no reason to suppose at present that the Russians purpose pushing so far; and even should they do so—and, to go a step farther, should they place their steamers on the Euphrates, and open up the line from the Persian Gulf to the Syrian port of Scanderoon, through Aleppo, which Chesney considered quite feasible, and strongly urged on our Government—would this compromise our interests, or would it be a benefit to mankind? The point is one more for commercial men to decide on than for diplomatists or soldiers. This much is certain: it is a necessity of national existence that a country should take action when

her interests are deliberately menaced, and on the other hand there are few instances in history where a nation has been stayed in a career of conquest by anything except the application of brute force. The time, therefore, may come when England, either single-handed or backed up by other Powers, must bid Russia stop. Should a resort to arms be the result, the objects for which we shall fight will be remote from the capitals of both empires, and the war rather what may be termed one of "convenience."

The feelings on either side need not be very seriously engaged—at all events not with the savage intensity we may have to witness displayed in struggles between races whose mutual hatred has been rendered more bitter by their geographical proximity. Should a conflict unhappily become necessary, it is to be hoped that its result will not be a rooted antipathy between the English people and the Slav race, which of a certainty has a great future before it in the world.

A. H. WAVELL,
Major.

RAJAH BROOKE—THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS:

A POSTSCRIPT.

I FIND that I was mistaken in stating (*Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 212, p. 154) that negotiations for the transfer of Sarāwak to England had some years since been renewed by the present Raja. So much misunderstanding has arisen in relation to that country that I am anxious to correct my mistake as early as possible, and to state that the cession of Sarāwak to England or to any other power has never been the subject of any negotiations to which the present Raja was a party.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.